

Stock Prices Tumble Again As U.S. Seeks to Restore Calm

Compiled by Our Staff From Dispatchers

NEW YORK — U.S. stock prices suffered another sharp setback Thursday after a severe drop Wednesday brought on by rising interest rates and dismay over U.S. trade figures.

The Dow Jones industrial average tumbled 57.61 points Thursday in late selling to close at 2,355.09. Five stocks fell in value for every one that gained on the New York Stock Exchange. The total value of the market, which slipped nearly 24 percent for the day, has plummeted almost 12 percent in a week. (Page 10.)

The volatility of the markets prompted an effort by U.S. officials to restore calm after a 95.46 point plunge in the Dow average Wednesday, the sharpest one-day drop on record.

The dollar, meanwhile, overcame initial pressure, ending little changed in New York trading.

In credit markets, a key interest rate, the yield for 30-year Treasury securities, remained above 10 percent as bond prices slipped slightly from Wednesday's close. (Page 11.)

Upward pressure on interest rates continued Thursday with the



announcement by Chemical Bank of New York that it had raised its prime lending rate by half a percentage point to 9.75 percent. It was Chemical's second increase in the prime rate in a week, but no other banks followed the move immediately.

The White House, in responding to the turbulence, issued a statement

saying that interest rates were "significantly higher" than could be justified by "current or existing inflation" and predicted that they would fall in the months to come.

Treasury Secretary James A. Baker 3d said after briefing President Ronald Reagan that the economy "looks fundamentally sound."

Mr. Baker and the chairman of Council of Economic Advisors, Ray W. Sprinkel, appeared in the White House press briefing room just minutes after Chemical Bank had announced its increase in the prime rate.

Mr. Baker would not comment on the prospect for a new increase in the Federal Reserve Board's discount rate, but he quoted the Federal Reserve Board's chairman, Alan Greenspan, as saying that the dangers of inflation "have been overblown."

On the subject of the stock market, Mr. Baker shied away from predictions, saying only that he recognizes a degree of nervousness, but "the 'Apocalypse Now' scenario is not warranted."

Mr. Baker pointedly criticized the recent rise in interest rates in

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Kiosk

NFL Players Ending Strike

NEW YORK (AP) — The 24-day National Football League strike ended Thursday when the union capitulated and went to court instead of trying to fight the club owners at the bargaining table.

Teams began reporting back even without a new contract agreement, but left after being told they had missed the deadline to play — and get paid — for this weekend's games, and again would be replaced by nonunion players. (Earlier story, Page 15.)

Plane Crashes in Italy

MILAN (Reuters) — An Italian airliner carrying 37 persons on a flight from Milan to Cologne crashed Thursday in a mountainous area of northern Italy during a rainstorm, the police said. No details of casualties were immediately available.



A suit from Comme des Garçons, one of the Japanese designers who showed Thursday in Paris. — Weekend, Page 7.

GENERAL NEWS

■ Prime Minister Martens of Belgium offered to resign again over the nation's Dutch-French-language dispute. — Page 2.

SPORTS

■ St. Louis won the National League pennant and will meet Minnesota in the World Series starting Saturday. — Page 19.

BUSINESS/FINANCE

■ A decline in auto sales drove U.S. retail sales down 0.4 percent in September. — Page 11.

Dow close: DOWN 57.61

The dollar in New York:

DM 5.6625 142.10 6.0105

Arias Says Nicaraguans Must Discuss Cease-Fire With Contras

By Stephen Kinzer
New York Times Service

SAN JOSE, Costa Rica — President Oscar Arias Sánchez of Costa Rica, the winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, has declared that the Nicaraguan government must end its refusal to negotiate a cease-fire with rebel guerrilla leaders for the Central American peace plan to go ahead.

"Now more than ever I am going to insist that a negotiated cease-fire in Nicaragua is indispensable if we are to achieve lasting peace in Central America," Mr. Arias said Tuesday night, hours after winning the peace prize.

In Washington, Reagan adminis-

tration officials said they were basing their strategy in Central America on the expectation that the Sandinist government in Managua will not negotiate a cease-fire with the rebel leaders. They said the strategy would allow them to argue that Nicaragua has not fully complied with the peace plan, enhancing prospects for a renewal of rebel aid.

[President José Napoleón Duarte of El Salvador said in Washington on Thursday that the peace accord obligates the Nicaraguan government to arrange a cease-fire with the rebels through direct talks. The Associated Press reported.

"I have the obligation to talk to the Sandinistas whether they are guerrillas" or "whatever they are."

Mr. Duarte said after addressing an informal joint meeting of the Senate and House of Representatives. "And Nicaragua has the obligation to talk to the Nicaraguans, whether they are contras" or not, he said.

He also urged the Reagan administration to withhold further military aid to the Nicaraguan rebels until a formal evaluation in January of the peace accord. That period is substantially longer than the time contemplated by Mr. Reagan for renewing his request to

Congress for aid to the anti-Sandinist guerrillas.]

In an interview, Mr. Arias declared, "I strongly believe that Daniel Ortega should take my advice and accept Cardinal Obando's offer to help negotiate a cease-fire."

He was referring to Daniel Ortega Saavedra, the Nicaraguan president, and Cardinal Miguel Obando y Bravo, the Roman Catholic primate of the nation.

The Sandinist leaders have put into effect some limited unilateral cease-fires and have said that government representatives would talk with rebel commanders in the field, but they have adamantly refused to negotiate with the rebel leaders. In

stead, they have sought to negotiate with Washington.

Mr. Arias, in his comments, moved close to the Reagan administration's insistence on a negotiated cease-fire.

However, Mr. Arias also said the United States should not approve more aid for the Nicaraguan rebels, who are known as contras, before the outcome of the current peace process is clear.

"I ask that Congress not give new aid to the contras because that could be used as an excuse not to comply with the accord," he said.

The Costa Rican leader, who said repeatedly that the prize would give him increased moral authority

to guide the peace process, also urged the Sandinists to broaden their amnesty policy.

The peace accord signed in Guatema-

la on Aug. 7 by Nicaragua,

Guatemala, Costa Rica, El Salvador,

and Honduras requires each country to issue an amnesty, but the Sandinists have indicated they intend to offer amnesty only to rebels who give up their weapons, not to large numbers of prisoners convicted of security crimes.

"I hope that in both El Salvador

and Nicaragua the amnesty will be

as broad as possible, covering the

largest number of political prisoners."

Mr. Arias said. "If it

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Shultz Says Arms Pact Isn't Buttoned Up Yet

By David K. Shipler
New York Times Service

WASHINGTON — Secretary of State George P. Shultz said Thursday that a treaty with the Soviet Union eliminating medium- and shorter-range missiles "isn't buttoned up yet," and that a summit meeting should be postponed if unexpected obstacles prevented the conclusion of the accord.

Mr. Shultz emphasized that he did not expect serious difficulties in completing the agreement, which Washington and Moscow announced last month had been reached "in principle."

The work of negotiators in Geneva "is going along quite well," he said.

But his goal of having a final treaty text worked out before he arrives in Moscow for talks next week appears unlikely to be reached, officials say, raising the possibility that he will have to spend more time talking through remaining points of disagreement, rather than grappling extensively with negotiations on long-range strategic weapons.

This raises a question of whether or not the Soviet leader, Mikhail S. Gorbachev, will agree to set a date for his proposed visit to the United States when Mr. Shultz meets with him next week. U.S. officials expect a date to be set, but since Mr. Gorbachev has made it clear that he wants a missile treaty to sign at such a summit meeting, it seems possible that a last-minute snag could disrupt plans to fix a precise time for Mr. Gorbachev's trip.

But Soviet negotiators in Geneva introduced an additional demand, that Moscow be allowed to maintain some of its shorter-range

See SHULTZ, Page 6

Soviet Laws On Dissidents May Be Eased

Reuters

MOSCOW — Laws under which thousands of Soviet dissidents have been imprisoned over the past 30 years may disappear in a current revision of the criminal code, a senior Soviet official said Thursday.

Vadim V. Zagladin, a close adviser to Mikhail S. Gorbachev, the Soviet leader, made the announcement during a live television discussion between members of the Supreme Soviet, the parliament, and U.S. senators and congressmen in Washington.

It was the first public confirmation in Moscow that a radical change was planned to laws embodied in two articles of the Russian Federation's criminal code that are widely criticized by Western human rights groups. Similar articles exist in the criminal codes of the other 14 Soviet republics.

Mr. Zagladin, a deputy in the Supreme Soviet, said that Article 70, which deals with anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda, "will be changed, and probably it will no longer exist in its present form."

On Article 190, covering slander against the state, he added: "There are different views, but we are studying whether it is needed at all."

Mr. Zagladin, who is also the first deputy chief of the Communist Party's International Department, indicated that the likely changes were part of an overall review of human rights practices within the framework of Mr. Gorbachev's reform program.

His announcement was welcomed in Moscow by Yelena G. Bonner, wife of the Soviet Nobel peace laureate, Andrei S. Sakharov, a leading figure in the Soviet human rights movement in the 1970s who was exiled for seven years for his activities.

On the program, Senator Daniel

See SOVIET, Page 6

Spaniard Within Reach Of UNESCO Leadership

By Barry James
International Herald Tribune

PARIS — After a campaign of byzantine complexity, Federico Mayor Zaragoza, a Spanish biochemist, stands within reach of nomination as director-general of the troubled United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization.

In four rounds of voting by the organization's 30-member executive board, Mr. Mayor, 53, has come within two votes of the incumbent, Amadou Mahtar M'Bow of Senegal. In the fourth ballot Wednesday, Mr. M'Bow, 66, gained 21 votes to Mr. Mayor's 19.

The board will hold a final runoff between the two leaders Friday. The crucial element is how the Soviet Union, Mongolia, East Germany and Bulgaria will deploy



Federico Mayor Zaragoza

their votes, which up to now have gone to Nikolai Todorov of Bulgaria. The Soviet Union used to give Mr. M'Bow virtually automatic support but has since publicly denounced bad management and waste within UNESCO.

The Soviets have been privately hinting to Western diplomats that they will switch the four votes from Mr. Todorov to Mr. Mayor, which should give him a majority. UNESCO sources said that in a final day of intensive lobbying, Mr. Mayor might also succeed in picking up a few votes from the M'Bow camp, giving him the convincing victory he may need to have his election ratified by UNESCO's 158-member ruling General Conference, which votes on the director-general Nov. 7.

Mr. Mayor's election may stem from UNESCO, Page 6

Japanese Succumb to Lure of the Big Car

By Fred Hiatt
Washington Post Service

TOKYO — The nation that filled the world with little automobiles has discovered something new: big, fast, luxury cars. But the latest consumer fad in Japan shows no signs of reversing the American trade deficit.

Despite expensive gasoline, narrow streets and limited cruising space on Japan's narrow islands, consumers with money to spend are breaking away from their habit of buying economical, and dull, cars.

Instead, they are waiting six months or more to pay \$70,000 for a BMW 735 or, increasingly, buying relatively large Japanese models.

The trend toward bigger cars has not really helped the prospects of American car sales in Japan.

In fact, sales of U.S. cars have plummeted during the past decade. Ford Motor Co., which was number one in 1975 among U.S. automakers with 8,140 cars sold, sold barely 400 last year.

One BMW driver explained that big American cars had become associated in Japanese

minds with yakuzza, the Japanese gangsters who, at least in the movies, like to be chauffeured in big, black U.S. sedans.

More detrimental, though, are relatively weak efforts to sell cars in Japan and their image as producers of gaudy, low-quality vehicles.

Still, Japanese consumers are increasingly buying cars for pleasure as well as convenience, and that has helped some foreign makers. Since 1980, as U.S. car sales declined, BMW's sales increased almost fivefold; Mercedes-Benz's more than tripled; and those of Saab, Volvo, Jaguar and Rolls-Royce also rose.

"Five or 10 years ago, everybody here wanted to have the same thing," said Atsuo Seki, a spokesman for BMW Japan Corp., the most successful foreign car maker recently.

"If one person had a Toshiba television set, everyone wanted a Toshiba set. But now Japan is becoming more individualistic, more a consumer society like the United States or Europe."

"There's a lot of money around," he said. "Cars used to be just for transport. Now people would like to be different. They want luxury, they want comfort."

Many drivers also want status. Although the Japanese, like the British, drive on the left-hand side of the road with the steering wheel on the right, Mr. Seki said that many customers preferred cars with the steering wheel on the left.

"A lot of people insist on left-hand-side drive so that everyone can see, 'Oh, he's driving a foreign car,'" he said.

BMW sold 1,600 cars in 1975 and 15,000 last year, with 20,000 sales expected this year and 30,000, or about 1 percent of the Japanese market, by about 1990.

Despite U.S. companies' difficulties, Mr. Seki predicted that the "trend to be different" would eventually aid U.S. automakers, too.

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U.S. Sanctuary Movement Opens New Front in Fight to Aid Central American Refugees

By Jay Mathews
Washington Post Service

ON THE U.S.-MEXICAN BORDER — The 28-year-old Salvadoran woman, wearing old sweat clothes, tennis shoes, earrings and a black ribbon in her hair, gazed at the sight of the little fence at the bottom of the gully. She climbed through, as one of her American escorts held the high barbed wires apart.

The woman's good cheer on a sunny day in the wooded hills along the border between Mexico and Arizona suggested a holiday outing, but she and her companions, who are members of the sanctuary movement in the United States, were breaking the law.

Government prosecutors had predicted that the movement would die after eight of its leaders were convicted last year of felony smuggling or conspiracy.

But the journey of Anna, who hiked into the United States from Mexico with sanctuary volunteers one recent morning, revealed that the underground railroad was still intact.

"That trial did us a lot of good," said one of Anna's escorts, an Arizona real estate broker who joined the movement in 1985 just as several leaders were arrested. Many people were repelled by the government's actions, he said.

In fact, the morning's crossing illustrated a new front in the battle between the movement and U.S. immigration officials.

Besides denying political asylum to Salvadorans and Guatemalans who maintain that they are fleeing persecution, the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service and

the State Department are denying permission to travel through the United States to refugees who have been accepted by Canada.

Anna's husband is in a major U.S. city, according to movement leaders, with Canadian visas in hand for himself, Anna and their three children. While waiting for them, he is appealing a deportation order by the immigration service.

U.S. State Department officials told Jim Corbett, a southern Arizona rancher who is an activist in the sanctuary movement, that they could not issue a transit visa to Anna without "a habitual place of residence" to which she could return.

"For refugees," Mr. Corbett said, "this is a classic Catch-22 situation. If they had a habitual place of residence to which they could return, they would not be refugees."

The day before movement volunteers planned to take Anna and her children across illegally, Mr. Corbett wrote the immigration service's office in Phoenix, the capital of Arizona, accusing the agency of "criminal behavior in violation of basic human rights" by not having carefully read Anna's request for passage into the United States. He informed the agency that the movement would bring her in.

Harold Ezell, western regional commissioner of the immigration service, said he believed that the sanctuary movement was dead. He attributed any new activity to an attempt to raise money because of the decline in publicity since the trial.

"What they ought to be doing," he said, "is helping the

people who are already here to qualify for amnesty" under the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act. The law offers legal status to immigrants who arrived before Jan. 1, 1982.

The operation to help Anna involved nine persons — Americans and Mexicans — using four vehicles to take her

clutched at her pant legs before she left for the long, bumpy ride to the foothills.

The children were too young to make the difficult hike. Sanctuary workers would take them across the border by car at a regular checkpoint, hoping for the usual casual inspection of small children.

The volunteers have laid out so many paths into the United States that Mr. Corbett, a movement founder who was acquitted at last year's trial, said he had never used the route by which Anna reached the border.

Anna's half-hour walk into the hills was uneventful, except for the roar of a farmer's truck that briefly worried her escorts.

Mr. Corbett, who walked with Anna to the border fence, indicated that the more difficult moments would come later, in places where U.S. Border Patrol and Drug Enforcement Administration officers often sweep the rough terrain.

At the border, she was handed over to two other escorts, the real estate agent and a college student, who had hiked in from the American side.

They would take her on what sanctuary regulars call "the Goddamned Long Run," a tortuous 90-minute trek through small canyons and up hillsides to avoid parts of the border area most easily watched by U.S. agents.

On the way, Anna told them her story — of neighbors in El Salvador who had been raped by government soldiers and of her husband, who had escaped from a Salvadoran Army drafting sweep and who risked prison if he returned.

By the time they reached the road where they were to rendezvous with a retired minister driving a getaway car, the temperature had climbed above 32 degrees centigrade (90 degrees Fahrenheit), and the real estate agent was nervous. It was Border Patrol country.

"This is where the adrenaline really begins to flow," he said.

The student dashed off to look for the car. It pulled up, precisely on time, just after he left, and the real estate agent had to wait for him to return before the group could leave.

The broker switched to his own car a short distance down the road and drove ahead to check the road to Tucson for Border Patrol checks.

Anna seemed quieter, worrying about her children. But the minister reported that they had crossed successfully, with the border agent paying less attention to them than to a pet dog a sanctuary worker had brought along on the ride.

The student wondered out loud what that meant.

"The government has been lying low," he said. "Some people think that means they have decided to treat us with benign neglect. Others say they have heard a big bus" or mass arrest, is in the works.

The movement has brought a small group of refugees across every two or three weeks in the last year, according to Mr. Corbett, with 20 of the refugees having been on their way to Canada.

He says the movement has seen a decline in the number of political refugees with conditions apparently improving in El Salvador and Guatemala.

Bush, Sketching Economic Agenda, Calls for Cuts in Capital Gains Taxes

By Gerald M. Boyd
New York Times Service

DEARBORN, Michigan — Vice President George Bush, detailing the economic agenda he would pursue as president, has called for cuts of nearly half in the maximum capital gains tax for individuals.

Mr. Bush, who announced the proposal in a speech earlier Wednesday to business groups in Atlanta, said here: "It will create more jobs than you can imagine. It will create more prosperity."

But the sweeping changes in the

tax law enacted in 1986 effectively raised the tax rate on all capital gains by requiring that such gains would be taxed as ordinary income as of 1988. The top rate for most individuals on ordinary income will be 28 percent, although some wealthy individuals will pay 33 percent on some income.

A Reagan administration official said that the Treasury Department has opposed changes in capital gains rates at this time because it does not believe it would be wise to reopen the tax code. Whenever tax changes are considered in Congress, there is pressure to broaden them.

The proposal was presented by Mr. Bush as part of his effort to outline some of the economic policies he will pursue if elected next year.

"Today, we're in a global economic battle with Japan, Europe and the emerging nations," he said in Atlanta. "Our future depends on our ability to compete. To do that, we need new technologies, new businesses and new jobs."

Mr. Bush said that the key to the future was to increase long-term savings and investment.

"It is savings and investment that finance new businesses and it is new businesses that provide new jobs and create economic growth," he said. "To get the savings and investment that we need, I would cut the capital gains tax to 15 percent on investments that are held for at least a year."

In making the proposal, Mr. Bush appeared to be using President Ronald Reagan's "supply-side" brand of economics that call for tax cuts to stimulate growth. During the 1980 campaign, he criticized Mr. Reagan's proposals as "voodoo economics."

There is general agreement among economists and tax experts that reductions in capital gains rates stimulate certain types of investments. However, economists do not agree on how cutting these rates will affect the overall economy, and particularly on how such cuts affect revenue.

Scavengers sold the machine to a scrap metal dealer, who opened it Sept. 24. The capsule containing the cesium 137 was opened, and the phosphorescent powder was passed around among friends and family of the junk dealer.

But scientists have most bitterly criticized the Commission for Nuclear Energy, the body in charge of licensing and monitoring all of Brazil's sources of radioactivity.

The Goiânia incident and several other problems that have occurred since then, Mr. Goldberg said, prove that "the commission is incapable of carrying out its task."

Brazilian and foreign radiation specialists have also said that the Goiânia incident demonstrated that the authorities were ill-prepared for any accident involving the release of radioactivity.

They have noted that technicians measuring contamination ran serious risks when they worked with bare hands and faces and wore only baseball caps and ordinary overalls and shoes rather than protective gear.

"It would be funny if this was not such a tragic case," one physician said.

The spilled cesium 137 came in a compressed form, from which dust particles spread as people handled it. Contaminated people, cars and animals spread it further around the city.

The Goiânia accident has served to dampen the excitement stirred only last month with the announcement that Brazil had joined the small number of nations that have the ability to enrich uranium, a crucial step not only toward building an atomic bomb but also toward developing an independent nuclear energy industry.

Brazilian A-Program Challenged

By Marilise Simons
New York Times Service

RIO DE JANEIRO — Some Brazilian scientists have questioned the government's ability to manage an independent nuclear energy program after what they described as an inadequate response by the authorities to an accident three weeks ago involving highly radioactive material.

Thirty-five persons have been hospitalized, contaminated with dangerous cesium 137 powder that spewed from a broken hospital irradiation machine.

Doctors say they fear that about 50 adults and children will contract cancer as a result of exposure to the material.

"Control over radioactive equipment is practically nonexistent," said José Goldemberg, rector of the University of São Paulo and a prominent nuclear physicist.

He and other scientists have denounced as irresponsible the doctors in the city of Goiânia who left the irradiation machine in a clinic that they were vacating.

It is savings and investment that finance new businesses and it is new businesses that provide new jobs and create economic growth," he said in Atlanta. "To get the savings and investment that we need, I would cut the capital gains tax to 15 percent on investments that are held for at least a year."

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Haiti Killing Called Election Intimidation

By Joseph B. Treaster
New York Times Service

PORT-AU-PRINCE, Haiti —

Election officials and other political leaders say they believe the killing Tuesday of a presidential candidate was part of a plan by loyalists of the deposed Duvalier regime to intimidate candidates and voters.

They said they believed that the killing of the candidate, Yves Volei, on the grounds of police headquarters, as he was talking to journalists, came after weeks of nighttime shooting incidents followed by discoveries of bodies in the streets.

In early August, Louis Eugène Athis, the leader of a moderate political party who some say planned to become a presidential candidate, was hacked to death by peasants at a rally.

"These are not spontaneous gestures," said the Reverend Alain Rocourt, treasurer of Haiti's electoral council, which has responsibility for conducting the presidential elections scheduled for Nov. 29. "They are intended to create a situation where people will be afraid to register and go to the polls."

Mr. Rocourt and other Haitian leaders said they did not believe the killing or other terror incidents had been authorized by the heads of the provisional government dominated by the army, that has been administering Haiti since the Duvalier dictatorship collapsed.

They said they believed that a campaign to curtail participation in the elections and perhaps to force their indefinite postponement was being waged by people who remained committed to the dictatorial practices started by François Duvalier nearly 30 years ago and confirmed by his son, Jean-Claude, until his flight into exile in France in February 1986. Many of these people, they said, are members of Haiti's security forces.

Mr. Rocourt, who also is the chairman of the Methodist church in Haiti, said it was clear to him, after listening to radio reports of journalists who witnessed the shooting that "this was a murder done by members of the police in civilian clothes."

Leslie Manigat, a former political science professor who spent years in exile and is regarded as one of the leading presidential candi-

dates, said he thought the killing of Mr. Volei would have an impact on the elections, but that they would be held.

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Cambodia Occupation Decried at UN

New York Times Service

UNITED NATIONS, New York — The General Assembly has overwhelmingly adopted a resolution that deplored the Soviet-backed Vietnamese occupation of Cambodia and demands Vietnam's withdrawal.

The resolution was adopted annually by the assembly since 1979. But the vote of 117-21 on Wednesday was the widest ever to support the measure, despite a major effort by the Soviet Union and Vietnam to divert criticism.

Moscow and Hanoi participated in debate on the resolution this year for the first time since 1983.

Also, in recent weeks, Vietnam announced several diplomatic initiatives, including support for informal talks with factions of the Cambodian opposition and an offer to give Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the former Cambodian leader, a post in the Cambodian government.

Scores of speakers criticized the Soviets and the Vietnamese for offering what the American chief delegate, Vernon A. Walters, called the "image of flexibility."

The Soviet delegate, Alexander M. Belonogov, praised what he called the "political wisdom" of nations opposed to the Vietnamese occupation and those that support

talks among Cambodian factions.

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INTERNATIONAL Herald Tribune

Published With The New York Times and The Washington Post

A Unified Stand in the Gulf

What if U.S. forces in the Gulf should come under heavy attack from Iran? A month ago, the right response might well have been to get out of harm's way. The Reagan administration didn't seem to know what it was doing and couldn't be trusted with a military response. Since then, by developing a coherent policy, the administration has been earning the right to take risks.

The principal task ahead is to consolidate support at home. The best way to do that is by invoking the War Powers Act and asking Congress to share the risks.

The administration resists. It contends that doing so would set a 60-day clock for U.S. withdrawal, and that would unnerve friends and allies. But Congress could authorize U.S. presence under the act for much more than 60 days. In Lebanon, in 1982, it authorized 18 months. To do something like that now would send the strongest signal of unity to the mullahs in Tehran. Indeed, it might be the only means of persuading them to cease fire.

There was never any question that a U.S. military presence in the Gulf was justified by U.S. interests — in the stability of moderate Arab regimes, in access to oil and in strategic competition with Moscow. The question was whether the administration had the competence to manage threats from Iran without blundering into war. Not so long ago, it rushed the U.S. Navy into the Gulf carelessly, without minesweepers. By contrast, operations in recent weeks have been professional, formidable and seemingly measured.

At first, the administration couldn't provide a plausible or consistent rationale for taking risks. The stated aim was to protect freedom of navigation, though few ships were being threatened. Then it was a check.

Soviet power, though Moscow seemed as intent as Washington on checking Iranian power. Then the White House worried about securing the oil lifeline through a cease-fire, though this mainly protected Iranian oil.

What has come into focus now is the goal. It is to stop Iranian expansion more than to prevent possible Soviet gains. Allies and Gulf states, once resistant or reluctant, are contributing to the common defense. Routes to a diplomatic settlement of the Iran-Iraq war have been opened in the United Nations. The main elements of a sensible policy are in place.

To maintain public confidence, the administration needs continuing allied and Gulf state cooperation. It needs to work more with Moscow. It also should not permit UN cease-fire efforts to founder. If Tel Aviv still refuses to go along, Washington must push Moscow and others to impose an arms embargo.

The missing piece is on the home front, where administration policy remains vulnerable. If the fighting heats up and a U.S. ship is sunk, say, the cries for withdrawal will be powerful. The most effective way to resist that pressure would be to have won congressional support for the naval presence.

The War Powers Act is the law of the land. It requires the president to notify Congress when U.S. forces are introduced into a situation of potential combat. It properly involves Congress in decisions of war and peace.

The administration need not be repelled by this procedure. Its lamentations about the 60-day cutoff can't be taken too seriously.

Congress is surely willing to set the alarm months ahead, even into the beginning of the next administration. The message of unity will not be lost on Tehran.

— THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Congress' Bad Investment

The U.S. Congress suffers occasional attacks of anxiety over the foreign investments pouring into the country and asks whether Americans are losing control of their economy. In that spirit, the House has written a misconception and damaging legislation requiring its version of the trade bill. The House worries a lot about Japan.

Although Japanese investment in the United States is growing most of the long-term investment — the kind that means control of companies and property — is still coming from Western Europe. Foreign investment in the United States last year came to \$144 billion, but nearly five-sixths of it had nothing to do with control of companies. It was portfolio investment: bank deposits and securities in volumes not large enough to gain influence over companies.

The kind of foreign investment that implies some degree of real control, direct investment, as the statisticians call it, came to \$25 billion last year. Of that, according to the Commerce Department, \$20 billion came from Europe. Among individual countries, Britain led with \$7.8 billion. The Netherlands was second with \$5.9 billion, although some of that money came originally from elsewhere in Europe. Japan was third, with \$4.1 billion.

The British performance is remarkable.

With Mrs. Thatcher's abolition of exchange controls and the acceleration of its domestic economy, Britain is rapidly rebuilding the great structure of worldwide investment that it largely sold off, a generation ago, to pay for its defeat in World War II.

While the amounts of foreign money coming to the United States are large, Americans' direct investment abroad is larger. Last year it was \$32 billion. Americans now own about 15 percent of British manufacturing industry, while Britons own barely 1 percent of American manufacturing.

The trade bill, as the House passed it, would impose very extensive financial reporting rules on foreign direct investment in the United States. The Europeans who would be most affected, protest that these rules would by no means be neutral. They would require foreign investors to disclose much more than American companies do, revealing business strategies to their American competitors' advantage. These new requirements would also violate international agreements that the United States has signed. Meanwhile, of course, U.S. trade negotiators are hard at work trying to persuade other countries to open their doors wider to a free flow of foreign investment, on grounds that it benefits everybody.

— THE WASHINGTON POST.

Will the Gold Chart Sell?

James Baker, the U.S. secretary of the Treasury, put a flutter in the hearts of the gold bugs a couple of weeks ago by uttering the sacred word. He said that the price of gold might be one of a number of indicators — one of a number, mind you — by which to steer the international economy. Since he has been doing a brisk business in assurances that he has not lost his senses and is not embarking on a crusade to return the world to the gold standard.

He has another purpose, and he is right when he says that it is not merely to maneuver in American party politics. That suspicion arises naturally, because the idea of a return to gold has a powerful attraction for some of the sects on the Republicans far right, where the classic gold standard is more admired than understood. When Mr. Baker got onto this subject, he was not trying primarily to promote the fortunes of George Bush but to address an audience abroad.

For good and urgent reasons, Mr. Baker wants Japan and West Germany to speed up their slow and cautious economic growth rates. He is trying to find a way to persuade them that it won't be inflationary. The Japanese and the Germans now have their inflation rates down just about to zero.

— THE WASHINGTON POST.

Other Comment

Reagan Right on Mozambique

President Reagan has renewed the U.S. commitment of help for Mozambique during a visit to Washington by Joaquim Chissano, president of the troubled southern African nation. That was the correct thing to do, underscoring to all African nations that the United States opposes the ugly guerrilla war in Mozambique that South Africa supports.

Mr. Reagan resisted pressure from the U.S. radical right to abandon aid to Mozambique, because it is a Marxist regime, and to establish relations with the Mozambique National Resistance, presumably because it is

anti-Marxist. The need now is to make even clearer the U.S. opposition to Pretoria.

— The Los Angeles Times.

Tobacco Maker's Bad Timing

Lorillard Inc. is putting a new cigarette on the market, named after a motorcycle: Harley-Davidson. "We think we can compete with the Marlboro cowboy," a publicist said, apparently unaware of the dark irony of what she was saying. It was reported the same day that one of the first of the rugged-looking Marlboro men had died — of emphysema.

— The Keene (New Hampshire) Sentinel.

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OPINION

A Moscow Editor Takes on the Komsomol

By Anatoli Ivanovich Strel'yany

This is an excerpt from an address that Mr. Strel'yany, a prominent Soviet prose writer, publicist and member of the editorial board of the literary monthly magazine Novy Mir, gave May 15 to the Komsomol aktiv, the core group of the party youth organization, of Moscow State University. The transcript of his speech recently was made available to Radio Liberty, the U.S.-funded station that broadcasts to the Soviet Union, and the translation published in The Washington Post.

Office is swamped with literary works about important problems. But the public demands explanations of why we don't print this or that. They don't recognize our right to choose our themes ourselves. And we're not obliged to give anybody a report on what our selection criteria are.

The complete absence of citizens' rights in past years led to a fall in the level of culture. People try to take everything by storm: buses, stores, jobs, graduate studentships. I have to deal every day with insolence, attempts to frighten me by complaining to higher authorities, threats. People come to the editor's office in order to get important problems solved; they think that they can reach [Mikhail] Gorbachev through the magazine. They see the magazine as a relay point. That's what level people's ideas about the press are at; that's the general cultural level.

They write to me: "The forests and beavers are dying, it can't go on like this!" But this is material for the newspapers, not for us. The editor's

Why We're Shouting at Mr. Reagan

By Bill Plante

WASHINGTON — Why do grown men and women shout at the president of the United States almost every day? What causes some of us to behave in front of Ronald Reagan as though we never learned the rudiments of civilized behavior drilled into us by parents and teachers?

A woman from Pennsylvania, who wrote me to say, "Don't forget, you are invited into the president's home each day, you should behave like a guest," expressed what may well be the majority opinion: that White House reporters are offensive louts.

But the question shouted on the run and the one-line answer have become the standard for communication in the Reagan administration. This is the way we do business — not by our choice, but because it works to Mr. Reagan's advantage. And that's the way the White House wants it.

So it was that at a recent occasion in the Rose Garden, one of the guests, a teacher, informed me that I had ruined his enjoyment of the event by shouting at the president questions about the Bork nomination. That sparked a loud, vigorous — and extensively reported — exchange.

Never mind that the first question wasn't asked until the ceremony was over and the president was on his way back into the Oval Office. Never mind that White House officials confirm that the president had expected a question about Robert Bork and had his answer ready. To some, but by no means all, of those present, the incident appeared disrespectful. A minister from Ohio likened it to shouting in church after the service.

Indeed, the demand for a respect bordering on reverence appears frequently in mail from viewers. But although the White House is certainly an important national symbol, it is not a sanctuary. And the president is not a monarch but an elected executive responsible for leading and running the largest branch of government.

It may be difficult to remember that it hasn't always been this way. Jimmy Carter talked to reporters, and TV cameras, four and five times a day, at least until the last grim months of his hostage crisis and defeat. Mr. Reagan, during eight years as governor of California, held news conferences almost weekly. As a candidate, he was accessible every day; indeed, as those of us who covered him soon learned, he found it hard to resist answering any question asked.

There was one problem. Because he is hard of hearing, reporters had to speak up. If we were more than a few feet away, we had to shout to get his attention. Shout I did. And almost invariably Mr. Reagan came over to talk, often saying whatever was on his mind. But a few months of this in the White House was all it took to convert him to a free flow of information.

So the White House press corps is reduced to shouting questions, which suits the administration just fine. Mr. Reagan can snap back one of his one-liners if he likes, or make an easy

getaway if he doesn't. And what does the public see? A genial Ronald Reagan skillfully parrying the thrusts of an unruly mob of ill-mannered scolds.

Sometimes, it's true, the clamor rises to a level for which there's no excuse — as it did in the White House briefing room the day Mr. Reagan announced a tentative agreement with the Soviets on a nuclear arms treaty.

But the noise you hear at the White House is a bid for the president's attention, and not without respect. In fact, there doesn't have to be any shouting at all, but it is the people in the White House who make the rules.

Let's hope that we can extract a promise from each of the candidates that things will be different after Jan. 20, 1989. Never mind the reporters. It's the public that deserves better.

The writer, the senior White House correspondent for CBS News, contributed this to The Washington Post.

... Few Questions, Those Painless

RONALD Reagan has given just 14 interviews in 1987, including sessions with *TIME* magazine reporters, foreign journalists and the pool of White House reporters last spring. Individual interviews mostly go to people that could be expected to be ask painless questions, among them Arnaud de Borchgrave, editor-in-chief of The Washington Times newspaper; three conservative columnists, Hugh Sidey of *Time* magazine, Fred Barnes of The New Republic magazine and James J. Kilpatrick, and Allen H. Neuharth, chairman of the *Newsweek* newspaper chain, who asked one question that undoubtedly caught the president and his briefers off guard: Would Mr. Reagan prefer to be pope?

So far, there is no evidence that anybody has asked the really tough questions, such as why Mr. Reagan told the Tower commission that he didn't know about a shipment of missile parts through Israel to Iran when Secretary of State George Shultz has testified that Mr. Reagan told him three months earlier about the shipment? These who might ask who lied, Mr. Shultz or Mr. Reagan, are back in the press pen. Besides, the question would take too long and the president wouldn't hear it all, and it would be lost in the wave of noise from people trying to get their time and faces on their networks by asking short questions.

— Eleanor Randolph, in The Washington Post

The Warring Over the War Powers Act

By J. Brian Atwood

WASHINGTON — There is a lot of hand-wringing here over the ineffectiveness of the War Powers Act in the Gulf conflict. There are also a lot of people in Congress who are sore at the Reagan administration for its refusal to execute provisions of the law — the consultation and notification requirements — which no administration has ever argued to be unconstitutional.

The obvious answer is for Congress to organize itself institutionally so that it can perform its constitutional role. It must organize itself in such a way as to participate in consultations before U.S. forces into hostilities is politically unavoidable.

Prime ministers in parliamentary systems would never decide a war-and-peace issue without reference to the politician-ministers in their cabinets. They could, of course, consult exclusively with career military and diplomatic personnel, but they know they will be held accountable within their party structure. They thus need political as well as technical advice.

But Congress will never retrieve its proper constitutional role as long as its sole response to the problem is to complain about legal issues in the face of what are, after all, presidential facts. Congress will find itself on politically slippery ground because a president who seizes operational control in moments

made up of the leaders of both houses and the chairman and ranking members of the foreign affairs, armed services and intelligence committees. Such a committee would clout and credibility that none of these leaders or committees could possibly muster standing alone.

It would also command the respect of the executive branch because of the experience and record of its members. Each of these senior members has experience in national security matters, each is already entrusted with the nation's most sensitive secrets and each has seen presidents and cabinet secretaries come and go.

That Congress "cannot be trusted" is a familiar executive branch refrain, but it is also a political fact of life that Congress has to deal with. Such a committee must therefore organize itself in a way that inspires confidence. Security precautions should be taken and professional staff appointed.

Congress should have prepared itself for serious war powers duty long ago. However, cogent their after-the-fact analysis of the president's decision to reflag Kuwait ships and quadruple the navy presence in the Gulf, congressional leaders cannot escape the inevitable indictment: When they should have demanded consultations, they were not institutionally ready to do so.

What is needed is a special "leadership committee" that would regularly consult with the executive branch on the world's hot spots — a committee

the greatest danger to *perestroika* [restructuring]. If we do not overcome gradualness it will bring down both Gorbachev and *perestroika*.

There are a lot of opponents to

perestroika. Take the article "Lukavaya Tsifra" [Devious Numbers], an article that said Soviet statistics can't be trusted] in Novy Mir, No. 2, 1987.

We don't give a damn what people think of us for having printed this article. We don't write for the bosses.

Seventy years of monstrous eyewash,

and it still hasn't been put right.

Gorbachev criticized me for this article at a meeting. My friends got worried after this criticism, offered to help me find another job, asked me: "What, haven't they fired you yet?" As you can see, I'm still working and will publish what I consider to be necessary and important.

A Dole-Dole
Dilemma for
Republ...
R

Deporting Margaret Randall: Small Minds Busily at Work

By Anthony Lewis

BOSTON — The Reagan administration has taken an important step to bring U.S. law into line with the nation's professions of faith in freedom. It has recommended dropping from immigration laws the sections that exclude aliens because of their beliefs or writings.

But the same administration is pressing an effort to expel a writer from the United States because, solely because, of what she has written. It is an extreme example of ideological exclusion. It is hard to see how the case can be squared with the decision to call for repeal of the ideological provisions of the immigration law.

The target of the deportation case is Margaret Randall, a 50-year-old poet and author of numerous books and articles. She was born in New York and for most of her life has been a U.S. citizen.

In 1966, when she was married to a Mexican and was living in Mexico, Ms. Randall took an oath of allegiance to Mexico. As a consequence she lost her U.S. citizenship. In the years that followed she lived at various times in Nicaragua and Cuba, writing favorably about the revolutions in those countries.

In 1984, she returned to the United States on a visitor's visa and went to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where she had family ties. She lives there now, teaching at the University of New Mexico. She wants to stay in the United States.

In legal terms, she is an alien seeking to change her status from visitor to permanent resident. She is eligible for a visa

because her son applied on her behalf. The immigration judge who heard her case, Martin F. Spiegel, found Ms. Randall fully qualified to stay in the United States except for one thing: her writings. He said that she had run afoul of a clause in the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act of 1952 barring aliens who write or publish material advocating the economic, international and governmental doctrines of world communism.

Mr. Spiegel said he had read 2,744 pages of Ms. Randall's works. He concluded that they advocated the doctrines of world communism. For example, he cited "Cuban Women Now," written while Ms. Randall lived in Cuba. He said that the book, "based primarily upon interviews with 14 Cuban women, views the Castro Communist Cuban revolution as a great improvement for the conditions of women in Cuba."

Reading Mr. Spiegel's opinion, one is reminded of the classic argument against censorship, Milton's "Areopagitica." Milton ironically sympathized with the poor censor who had to read so many books, "ofttimes huge volumes." Mr. Spiegel surely deserves sympathy for his reading of all those pages of Margaret Randall's works. But the point — Milton's point — is that he performed a function that is inappropriate in a free society: combing through literature for bad political thoughts.

What exactly are the "doctrines of world communism"? Political scientists



have written volumes on that question, and they often disagree on the definition. To put immigration officials in the position of applying such concepts goes against our whole idea of freedom.

Unlike some publicized immigration cases the Randall case involves no claim of a threat to the national security. The only objection is to her writings. They may be irritating. But the U.S. system, said Oliver Wendell Holmes while serving as a Supreme Court justice, allows "freedom for the thought that we hate."

Abraham Sofaer, the State Department's legal adviser, made it known in June that the administration felt the time had come for repeal of the McCarran-Walter ideological clauses. They have proved increasingly embarrassing as well-known authors and others have been kept from even visiting the United States.

"The Department of State has long believed," Mr. Sofaer said, "that changes are necessary to bring the exclusion and deportation provisions in line with modern reality." He added,



"It's an anachronism to say that just because someone held some particular political view at some point in his life he should be denied immigration."

That principle is inconsistent with the attempt to deport Margaret Randall. She is apparently the only person whom the U.S. government is trying to expel because of her writings — indeed the only known target of that clause in 30 years. Not just consistency but common sense suggests that the case should be dropped.

The New York Times.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Philippine Land Reform

In his opinion column of Sept. 14-15, Stephen W. Bosworth, the former U.S. ambassador to the Philippines, addressed the lack of military stability in the Philippines and the question of whether President Corazon Aquino, in spite of these difficulties, is tough enough to get the job done and to continue toward social and economic recovery. But Mr. Bosworth made no mention of one of the most pressing problems in the Philippines, that of land reform.

What Mrs. Aquino needs is not just U.S. weaponry to fight the communists and other rebels, but a firm offer from the United States to assist with land reform. With U.S. financial backing, a plan could be developed for fair payments to large landowners. A shining example of land reform is not far away: Taiwan, after World War II, undertook land reform peacefully and with economic fairness. This could serve as a model for the Aquino government.

The possibility of a communist government coming to power in the Philippines is too frightening even to contemplate. But unless honest land reform

measures are taken soon, the Philippines eventually will go the communist route, not by desire but by default.

JAMES H. HUGHES.
Croisy-sur-Seine, France.

Don't Forget the Tibetans

In "Anti-Chinese Protest Reported in Tibet" (Oct. 1), I was amazed to read that the Xinhua press agency had reported on "Tibetan monks seeking independence" (only monks?), that protesters carried a flag . . . a religious icon of the Tibetans" (it is their national flag), and that the demonstration involved "21 priests and five other people." No wonder the press report was "unusual for its detail and swift release" — perhaps a new strategy of fast fabrication to pre-empt the facts. What is one to think about the accuracy of China's official press agency reporting on events on territory it claims as its own?

In the past, world public opinion has kept the Chinese from executing some

dissidents, such as in 1983 after demonstrations were held in London, Zurich, Bern, Amsterdam, New York and elsewhere. In this case, two people have been executed in public, a dimly recurring event year after year, on or about Oct. 1, as the Chinese celebrate their independence in a somewhat atavistic fashion.

Five others are left with the threat of execution hanging over their heads for the next five years. Eight others have been given various sentences. Ten thousand people had the courage to ask for freedom in a city where public execution is possible. Please don't let their courageous act be forgotten or ignored.

T. BROCH.
Geneva.

Freedom's Indivisibility

Regarding "Democracy's Model, Not Its Enforcer" (Sept. 29):

There is quite a lot of truth in Tom Wicker's clever arguments, but is there really nothing to the principle of "indivisibility of freedom"? Does Mr. Wicker truly agree with accepting, in the name of sovereignty, a butcher like Idi Amin

in the Organization of African Unity or one like Pol Pot in the United Nations? Or is it simply a matter of expediency?

To link a morally justified intervention like Tanzania's in Uganda with the willful overthrowing [of] a government one does not like" is to confuse, dangerously, two utterly different things. Nobody wants America to play the role of Czar Nicholas I as the gendarme of Europe, or to transform the Monroe Doctrine into the Brezhnev Doctrine. But to do nothing when the neighbor's house is on fire seems, at least in extreme cases, a rather doubtful proposition.

K. GROCHOLSKI.
Zurich.

The Best of Literary Brats

Regarding the feature "Literary Brats: Pack: Young, Brash, Rich" (Sept. 20):

You do your readers a disservice in your article on the contemporary literary scene by omitting the most notable New York writer to appear in the last decade, Madison Smartt Bell. In both his mastery of his craft and the complexity of his material, he stands well ahead

of the "pack." In contrast to his peers, as described in this article, Mr. Bell has proven himself capable of following the dazzling accomplishment of his first work, "Waiting for the End of the World" and "Straight Cut."

ROBIN TATHAM.
London.

Are There Dissatisfied Men?

A propos James Barron's report, "Study Finds Women Aren't Satisfied" (Oct. 3), one question: Are men?

E. CURTIS.
Bandol, France.

The Truth Is in the Taste

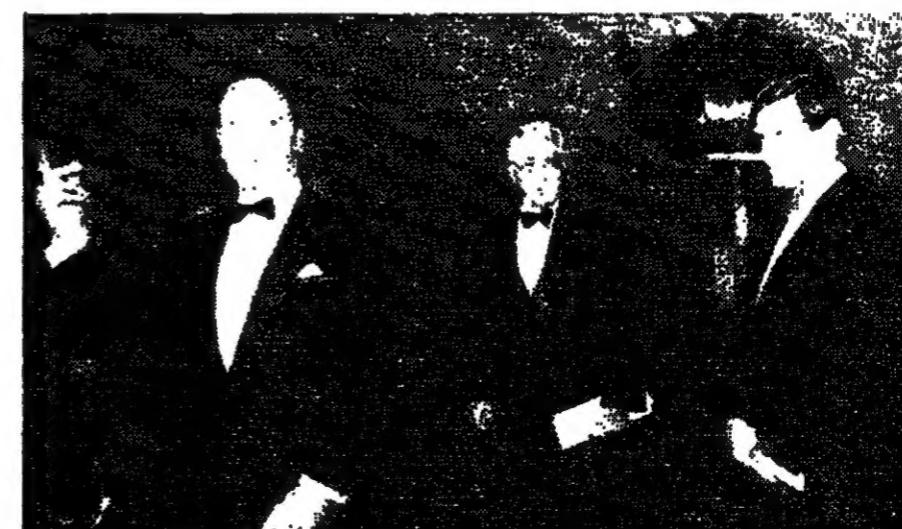
It does not take Cornell University food scientists to explain why fresh orange juice tastes better because it is fresh ("The Taste of Fresh Orange Juice," *Science*, Sept. 24). All orange juice aficionados know this.

W.T. RABE.
Bonn.

A Centennial Message from the International Herald Tribune.

NOTES ON A CENTURY

Centennial Drive Peaks at Versailles



U.S. Ambassador Joe M. Rodgers (left) addresses press conference at Versailles as IHT Associate Publisher Richard H. Morgan and Attorney Kevin MacCarthy listen.

Photo: John Van Hasselt

suppliers and others with active ties to the paper, while the Versailles event focussed on leaders of the French-American communities.

At an American Club of Paris luncheon at the *Cercle Interallié*, columnist Art Buchwald introduced "The Global Newspaper," a film by Douglas Murnau. The film's narrator, Walter Cronkite, also spoke. The American Club was also a central participant in the Flame drive.

A small reception honoring IHT directors was held at the Villa Windsor, residence of the late Duke and Duchess of Windsor, in the Bois de Boulogne. Mohamed al-Fayed, owner of the Paris Ritz Hotel as well as the Windsor home, hosted the gathering and presented the IHT with a copy of an edition found in the personal papers of the late Duke by his valet, Sidney, who was also present at the gathering and who told the guests of the Duke's affection for the Herald Tribune.

A plaque was dedicated at 49, Avenue de l'Opéra, business home of the paper for its first half-century. A reception followed at Harry's Bar, the Trib's oldest continuing advertiser, at 5, Rue Daunou ("Just Say Sank Hooc Doe Noo"). Hosts were the proprietors of the 75-year-old establishment, Andrew and Duncan MacElhone, son and grandson of the original Harry.

A number of informal luncheons and receptions were held throughout the week, including a Sunday brunch for out-of-town guests at the Ritz Hotel.

Looking toward the future, the IHT board and executives met to discuss the role of the paper as it enters its second century.

This is the 35th in a series of messages about the IHT which will appear throughout the Centennial year.

**THE INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE
GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGES
THE GENEROUS
CONTRIBUTION OF
TWA
TO THE
PARIS LIBERTY FLAME
APPEAL**

which helped to bring the Liberty Flame monument to Paris where it will be erected as a permanent tribute to Franco-American friendship.

TWA has provided continuous service to Paris since 1946. Today, it flies between over 100 cities in America and to more than twenty destinations in Europe and the Middle East.

In a newspaper-filled apothecary shop, the charming one-act opera drew smiles from the audience which even Haydn might not have anticipated. Why? When a cast member picked up a newspaper, it turned out to be uncanny coincidence to be a copy of the IHT.

After the curtain fell, the audience was welcomed by Georges Mesmin, deputy and mayor of the 16th arrondissement in Paris, where the new monument is likely to be located, by Jean-François Court, representing the

Arrangements for the evening party for 1,600 guests were directed by Paulette Darling and Chantal Sutler of Manufacture et Evenements Internationaux.

The Flame weighs 2.5

Sri Lankans' Daily Rice Has A Bad Habit of Biting Back

By T. Sabaratnam

COLOMBO, Sri Lanka — A molar chipped as I began chewing the rice I was eating for lunch. I didn't grimace or make a protest. I swiftly swallowed the bit of tooth with the stone that had caused it, wearing a broad grin as we Sri Lankans do. An internecine war, although the most serious, is not my Indian Ocean island's only painful problem.

Swallowing stones comes naturally to Sri Lankans, for it is part of our

MEANWHILE

2,500-year-old rice-eating culture. We perform it almost like a ritual, some once a day at lunch, many twice at lunch and dinner and a few in the villages, at breakfast, lunch and dinner.

All of usgulp an average of 1.5 grams of stones each day, a medical researcher recently calculated. (He called Sri Lanka's per capita consumption of stones.) He says this consumption is less for those who, like me, eat at home, but is nearly double for those unfortunate who eat out, especially at the rice-serving mini-shops called *path kadas*.

The stone content in home-cooked rice is low, he says, because of the 10- to 15-minute struggle housewives daily wage in washing the rice and separating the stones. Their patience and industry are admirable," the doctor says.

My wife, who performs this thankless task, readily agrees. She says she washes the rice twice and removes a handful of stones from the half-kilogram (one pound) she is to cook. I believe her, because the research group of Sri Lanka's Agricultural Research and Training Institute (ARTI) has found that the average kilo of the popular parboiled rice called *madu*, which about 70 percent of Sri Lankans eat, contains 50 to 70 grams of stones and sand. This figure is higher in cheaper, lower grades of rice and lower in the costlier, higher grades.

ARTI's researchers went a little deeper into this "stone syndrome" of Sri Lanka's rice trade. They found that a small portion of these stones gets into the rice on the threshing floor, usually an unopened mound in a convenient corner of the farm. The head of the research team, Athula Chandrasiri, says that none of the 950 privately owned rice mills that dot our 860,000 hectares (two million acres) of rice farmland are equipped with mechanical separators to remove these stones. Many of the 27 large, state-owned mills have these facilities, but are not in operation.

Moreover, a major portion of the stones are introduced into the rice after it leaves the farm, researchers say. Where and how the stones get into the bags of rice has not been figured out. Suspicion rests on the millers, the numerous commission agents who collect the rice for the wholesalers and the 200 big wholesalers who control the rice trade from Colombo's Pettah market.

"The rumor is that stone mixing is a big business," a trade ministry official says. No one has yet conducted an investigation. The gentle action taken by Trade Minister M.S. Amarasingam following a newspaper exposé, which was to order millers to print their names and addresses on rice bags, invariably has failed.

My wife daily grumbles that "I don't mind cleaning the stones," but asks, "How can you eat this good-for-nothing stuff?" She still recalls fondly the flavor and aroma of the rice called *madu samba* and *muttu kariyan* that she ate as a girl, more than three decades ago.

Then it was subsistence farming with rice farmers growing for themselves and selling only the excess. They sowed the time-tested, tall, 180-day varieties and used organic manure. They worried little about the yield. Now, the situation and the farmers' attitudes have changed. They are very yield-conscious and don't worry anymore about aroma, flavor and quality.

The farmers no longer worry too much about cleaned harvesting, sowing and parboiling practices, either. An agricultural extension officer, Shanmugam Paramasamy, says that premature and late harvesting is becoming common. The ideal time for harvesting is when the moisture content of the grain is 20 to 22 percent. For storing, it should be reduced to 14 percent by drying. "Older farmers knew it by the color of the grain," he says.

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The remedy is simple. But who cares?

The people continue to eat the substandard rice. The ARTI continues to issue statements like the one that said: "The standard of rice sold in our markets is said to be the lowest in Asia."

I told my wife that in the future I would buy cleaned and packed premium-grade rice. If there are stones in that, I would buy *basumath* rice, imported from Pakistan. That's what our agricultural planners and experts eat.

The writer, a senior reporter for the Ceylon Daily News in Colombo, contributed this comment to the International Herald Tribune.

South Africa to Maintain Emergency Rule

By William Claiborne
Washington Post Service

CAPE TOWN, South Africa — The minister for law and order, Adrian Vlok, says that while the 16-month state of emergency has succeeded in cooling the revolutionary climate in South Africa, it will have to remain in force for the foreseeable future.

Mr. Vlok said that before seriously considering lifting the emergency, the government would have to finish addressing the black majority's demands for upgrading their living conditions and make significant progress in power-sharing negotiations.

"We would like to lift the emergency, but it would be irresponsible if we don't once again have stable communities and if we don't accomplish our three main goals," Mr. Vlok said in an interview this week with Katharine Graham, publisher of The Washington Post.

Those goals, Mr. Vlok said, are: imposing security measures to bring short-term stability to black townships; upgrading living conditions for blacks, and finding a political solution that will give blacks a role in governing the country.

He acknowledged that achieving

these goals would take time, although he offered no timetable.

Mr. Vlok said the government would pay particular attention to further dismantling the "alternative governmental structures" that radical blacks established in the townships as unrest peaked in the two years before the emergency was imposed on June 12, 1986.

He said the alternative structures — including "people's courts," protest education, street committees and para-police groups formed by young "comrades" — had been eliminated by the emergency, but not eliminated.

These "governments within the government" pose the most serious threat to law and order in South Africa and could become the object of official banning, Mr. Vlok said.

At present under the Internal Security Act, the government can detain without charges the leaders of the alternative structures, but cannot officially ban the existence of the parallel institutions.

Mr. Vlok said the radicals tried to create an alternative system to the police and the courts and instructed people not to report crimes to the police. "This is why

we say a revolutionary climate still exists," he said.

He said that an earlier state of emergency, imposed in selected areas of South Africa from July 1985 to March 1986, had been lifted with the expectation that a return to normal conditions would encourage moderate black leaders to negotiate peaceful change. But he added: "People did not come forward and the unrest got worse. We cannot make the same mistake."

Mr. Vlok said the government was watching a treason trial in Johannesburg in which several residents of the black township of Alexandra are accused of having set up alternative government structures, allegedly to undermine the elected township council and foist unrest.

Calling the outcome potentially a "landmark verdict," Mr. Vlok said, "If they are found guilty, it will be easier for us to arrest these kind of people."

Mr. Vlok also said the government was paying close attention to the National Education Crisis Committee, which last year was active in establishing "people's education" in the townships as an alternative to the state education system.

"If you look at the type of education they want for South Africa," he said, "this is the kind of revolutionary thing they are trying to spread." Mr. Vlok added that the emergency decree helped stem the spread of such activities, and could not be lifted until that threat was eliminated.

"We don't have any fight with black people who want to change their education system," he said, "but they must do it in an orderly way with the government. You can't allow revolutionary ideology and Communist ideology to be taught in the schools."

Mr. Vlok acknowledged that the committee had been instrumental last year in ending a year-long school boycott by blacks, but said that its renewed efforts to establish people's education jeopardized its

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RULES:

South Africa Curbs

(Continued from Page 1)
stationary to promote banned organizations.

Class boycotts have closed a number of black universities for weeks at a time during the last three years. White universities, most notably the University of Cape Town and the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg, have been disrupted by anti-government demonstrations.

However, campus protest in South Africa is a sporadic and relatively low-key phenomenon, limited mainly to the English-speaking universities.

Protests were the subject of national debate in August after attacks by militant students on prominent politicians on the Cape Town and Witwatersrand campuses.

Among those prevented from speaking by mostly-black demonstrators were Denis Worrall, the former South African ambassador to Britain; Helen Suzman, a veteran anti-apartheid activist and opposition member of Parliament; Mangosuthu Buthelezi, a moderate Zulu leader; and Conor Cruise O'Brien, the Irish diplomat and liberal philosopher.

Following those incidents, which were widely criticized by liberal as well as conservative whites, the government said that subsidy conditions were necessary to protect freedom of speech.

The vice chancellor of the University of Cape Town, Stuart Saunders, said Thursday that university lawyers would be consulted about the possibility of a court challenge to the new measures.

Mr. Saunders said in a statement issued in anticipation of the measures that it was "fundamentally wrong and counterproductive" to place conditions on state funding of higher education.

Mr. de Klerk said Thursday night, "Our aim is not to encroach upon the autonomy of the universities," adding that the measures would not "substantially" affect "the academic freedom" of students and staff.

Commonwealth Split

A high-level panel struggled Thursday behind the scenes of the Commonwealth conference in Vancouver, British Columbia, after differences on how to speed racial reform in South Africa divided the group, Reuters reported.

On the third day of the meeting of Commonwealth heads of state, the 49-member body focused on Third World debt and the trade protectionism that some nations believe has kept the economies of the developing world impoverished.

But the South African question, which has isolated Britain from its former colonies over the imposition of economic sanctions, was certain to generate more debate before the meeting ends Saturday.

The deep division between Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Britain and other Commonwealth leaders was highlighted again during a closed session Wednesday.

UNESCO: Spaniard Is Within Reach of Leadership

(Continued from Page 1)

The main reason for the Soviet Union's apparent conversion appears to be a desire to keep UNESCO alive and the realization that this can only be done with the participation of the United States.

The withdrawal of the United States and Britain cost the organization a third of its contributors' budget, down to \$145 million a year, and the fall of the dollar deepened UNESCO's financial crisis. It is expected to finish this year with a budget deficit of \$40 million.

Both have said they want to see genuine reform in the organization, irrespective of who is director-general, before they will consider rejoining. One required reform, according to Lauri Genero, the State Department official in charge of international organizations, is a mechanism whereby major donors would get a bigger voice in the way money is spent.

UNESCO observers say some rightists in the Reagan administration paradoxically are hoping that Mr. M'Bow will be re-elected because this would make it unnecessary to open the question of rejoining.

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Mr. V

WEEKEND

- Mysterious Bob Dylan
- Cultural 'Global Village'
- Poland's Rock Musicians

CRITICS' CHOICE

GENEVA

The Minotaure and Surrealism

■ *Minotaure*, the review published in Paris by Albert Skira from 1933 to '39, was a catalyst to artists from Picasso to the Surrealists. The Greek myth — of the Cretan Minos, the Labyrinth, the Minotaur — half man, half bull, Theseus and Ariadne — and its symbolism inspired artists and writers, especially the Surrealists. In paintings, prints, photographs, collages and other forms, Dali, de Chirico, Man Ray, Magritte, Brassaï, Ernst and others reveal forebodings on the eve of World War II. Dali's cover for a 1936 issue even incorporates mushroom-shaped clouds. Works reproduced in the magazine are the basis of this exhibition at the Musée Rath from Oct. 17 to Jan. 31, then at the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris from March to May 1988. (Marie Giardard)

PARIS

25th International Dance Festival

■ The 25th Paris International Dance Festival opens at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées with the Ballet Théâtre Français of Nancy (Oct. 28-Nov. 1) in a program of choreographies by Serge Lifar, comprising "Suite en Blanc," with sets by Picasso and with Dupond in the title part, and "Phèdre," with Cocteau's sets and costumes and Marcia Haydée in the principal role. The London Festival Ballet (Nov. 3-9), which appeared in the second Paris festival in 1964, comes with two programs and with Natalya Makarova and Peter Schaufuss heading the roster of dancers: the first program is John Cranko's three-act "Eugene Onegin"; the second includes Glen Tetley's "Sphinx," Ben Stevenson's "Three Preludes," Kevin Haigen's "Meditation," Christopher Bruce's "Land," and Harald Lander's "Endes." The Royal Danish Ballet (Nov. 16-18) brings Bournonville's "La Sylphide" and a new ballet by Ib Andersen. Then the Leningrad Kirov Ballet moves into the Palais des Congrès for a long run, from Nov. 17 to Jan. 10.

LONDON

Lost World of the Windsors



■ The last word on, and the last pictures of, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor are lavishly provided by fashion writer Suzy Menkes in her new book, "The Windsor Style," published in Britain by Grafton Books. The author had access to the house in the Bois de Boulogne where the pair spent their last years. The photographs, many previously unpublished, show David and Wallis dancing, gardening, dog-handling, eating, posing and above all, wearing — wearing clothes well, age not so well. There are shots of the rooms they used, their jewels and lingerie and menu cards and knickknacks, as if from the interior of some sumptuous funeral-mound. Spooky snaps of closets full of the duke's kilts and sporrans vie with those of the duchess's pumps and handbags. It is a volume full of the trappings and habits of hubris and patronage. Wallis was served as *son dîs* royal; her makeup and hair were done every day (she would not appear without). But they treated their dogs like children and each other, often embarrassingly, as mother and son, testament to the pervasive influence of Queen Mary, leading to the duke's dying call for "Mama, mama, mama, mama." This book should satiate the greediest appetite for Windsorianna, from the recipe for glazed bacon smacks the duchess liked to serve before dinner, to the niceties of the duke's check suits. Cecil Beaton saw them as perennial dandies. Suzy Menkes shows how two dispossessed people lived out their lives under a fierce and selfish discipline, when style and lapdogs were all that remained.

Japanese Designers in Paris Shows Are Less Ferocious, Still Inventive

by Bernadine Morris

PARIS — Under sodden skies, the French ready to wear showings for spring and summer came alive today with two major collections by Japanese designers. Rei Kawakubo of Comme des Garçons and Yohji Yamamoto have displayed continuous growth as designers since they first showed their collections here six years ago. While their clothes would never be

confused with Western classics, they are less ferocious than they were in the beginning and are a constant stimulant to avant-garde designers here and in other fashion centers. They seem fearless and inventive, rare qualities in designers anywhere.

Kawakubo is in a whimsical phase, presenting almost romantic clothes in soft silks, with sheer inserts, sequined panels, gracefully full skirts and bare shoulders contributing to her new "feminine" look. Yamamoto's clothes are more austere, but capelet tops

and tapered pants softened by skirt-like panels cut the severity.

A day-long downpour dampened the tents in the courtyard of the Louvre where the shows take place, but they didn't deter the crowds. More than 1,750 journalists have been accredited to cover the shows, including 185 from the United States and one each from Poland, Kuwait and Hungary. Everyone tries to see the important shows. The largest tents hold 1,500. Congestion is inevitable.

"Imagine ruffles from Rei Kawakubo," said Corinne Coombe, the Bergdorf Goodman executive after the show. It was not only the ruffles that gave the clothes their fresh look.

There were more dresses than usual, some quite closely fitted, long suit jackets designed not to close in front, and panne velvet, in sober shades of subergine and brown. Shorts and full, ankle-length trousers appeared in profusion and nobody thought about the length of skirts.

That is because there was enough going on in the shape of the clothes so the length was unimportant and also because a variety of lengths appeared in each style. Hardly any hemline was cut straight across and even.

Everything curved and undulated, moving in dramatic sweeps from side to side. Length alone was irrelevant.

The same asymmetric looks lent drama to Yamamoto's styles. Trousers seemed to dominate, but a panel over one leg gave the appearance of a skirt on one side. Colors were sober navy, brown and black, which became more sober when they were combined as in a black satin jumper over a navy T-shirt. But there were occasional whimsical touches, such as buttons used decoratively at the front of suits; large cartwheel hats as big as umbrellas over jumpers and jumpsuits with white blouses and rounded skirts made of patchwork fabrics.

What comes through in the Japanese collections is a sense of excitement as the designers experiment with new ways to deal with clothes. "It's a new direction and I find it exciting," said Azzedine Alaïa, who took time off from his own collection to see what the Japanese were up to. ■



Yamamoto trousers and jacket; Left, Comme des Garçons suit.

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Proust Mania in French Publishing

by Katherine Knorr

PARIS — Marcel Proust has always been more talked about than read, and the latest reason to talk about this most curious of writers is that his monumental work, "Remembrance of Things Past," has gone out of copyright, spawning new editions, new criticism and the publication of more scribbles found in the closets of his descendants.

The French publishing industry is in the middle of a publicity blitz, betting on a Proust boom — with new companies getting into the game and Gallimard, Proust's longtime publisher, putting out a new version of its expensive and apparently no longer anywhere near definitive *Pléiade* edition. No doubt there will be a Proust boom, in buying if not in reading, but it is unlikely that any new versions of the book will significantly change what the man who is arguably France's greatest 20th-century writer had to say. Even though he died leaving many loose ends, his drift was clear.

"Remembrance" ("A la recherche du temps perdu") is many things: a novel of manners, a careful portrait of a dead society, an excruciating and rather precious examination of obsessive love, an attempt to bring back the exquisite flavor of Proust's sensitive childhood, an analysis of the artistic temperament and a very cogent look at historical movements that swept through the French bourgeoisie and aristocracy — and eventually everybody — at the beginning of this century. It is a painting, a series of paintings of extraordinary proportions with a huge cast of characters who seem to live in vastly different worlds until they come together in one last fresco, just as the narrator finds that his vocation is to write it all down — to retrace Time.

"Remembrance" opens with the narrator's childhood, his illnesses, his obsessive love for his mother, and introduces many of the important characters through the eyes of a child who sees them as magnificent figures from fairy tales and distant history. It follows Marcel through his teens and young adulthood, as he slowly makes his way into the also magnificent but more mundane, world that these creatures inhabit — mainly Paris salons and the most elegant Normandy coast resort. It follows them through marriages and deaths, social victories and reverses, and eventually, after an unspecified number of years during which Marcel has disappeared because of ill health, finds them all again in one grand salon where, somehow, no one is any longer who he should be or where he should be — where the carnival masks have all changed faces. The young seem to be their parents, the old are unrecognizable and Marcel is no longer a child or a young man but an aging gentleman to be treated with respect.



From left to right, Nadar's pictures of Charles Haas, one of the models for *Swann*; the Comtesse de Gresfoulle; and Proust as a child.

If Proust is often difficult to read, it is first because he wrote long — really long. Had he lived longer — he died in 1922 at the age of 51 — he would have written longer. (His method is well-known: but he kept on adding to the work, making it denser and more detailed, with little pieces of paper that he folded up like accordions into his writing notebooks. These papers are still being found, and not all are legible. He drove proof-readers mad.)

THE other great difficulty with Proust is that he — and therefore Marcel — had such a refined, not to say sick, approach to friendship and to love that it is often difficult to take in the minutiae of the suffering — so often like the intense and detailed self-consciousness that only teenagers can feel. (Suffering indeed was the basis of his work, and he believed it was a necessary precondition to any great work: "The happy years are lost years, we wait for suffering to begin to work.")

And yet the book is brilliant — brilliant in looking at how people deceive themselves and others, brilliant at watching the small and large evil that they inflict on one another as they march on through their unobservant and unexamined but nevertheless complicated lives. And brilliant finally in showing the decline and fall of a rich salon society in which each player knew his rank and in which it seemed that the stars in the firmament would never fall to earth. They did, of course — this society was shattered by World War I, but Proust

clearly shows that it was destroyed before the war, by the Dreyfus affair.

Proust was born in 1871 into a rich family; his mother inherited a great deal and his father was an eminent professor of medicine. Early on he was sickly, and emotionally very dependent on his grandmother and mother — who were devoted to each other and to him. He was born sad, and he had a peculiar eye for the significant detail that turns nostalgia into despair. He was also, in his dependency, a tyrant, needing to sequester what he loved — whether his mother or his lovers.

In 1889 he volunteered for a year's military service, and he always had a strong interest in military strategy (indeed, passages of "Remembrance" have to do with theories of battle). With an inde-

pendent income, an interest in the arts and a strong streak of dictationism, he moved into salons and got to know some of the more brilliant people of the time. But "Remembrance" is not strictly autobiographical — Marcel Proust did not live what his narrator lived. Marcel Proust was never to become as accepted this society as his narrator did. Like so much semi-autobiographical writing, "A la recherche" shows a strong dose of wishful thinking.

THE two things that most influenced Proust's life and therefore his work — because more than for most writers the two are inseparable — were his Jewishness (through his mother) and his homosexuality. He was fascinated by women, but, as he told André Gide, he loved women only

spiritually and never found love except with men.

While homosexuality and Jewishness are buttresses in the cathedral-like structure of his work, Proust distanced his narrator from both themes. The great love of Proust's life, Alfred Agostinelli, at one time his chauffeur and secretary, was translated into the woman who shatters the narrator Marcel's life — Albertine. And while Marcel observes with explicit and sometimes tedious detail the doings of homosexuals, male and female, himself is not homosexual — though he is very attractive to men.

Proust's women are a mixed lot. He is brilliant at drawing aristocratic women and coquots, admiring them but never missing what is low and mean and calculating, or simply mediocre. The only women who fail in his book are those who

aren't women at all, notably Albertine.

At the same time, his narrator is not Jewish, but several characters in the book are, and Proust seems to have split up his own problems with his Jewishness by having one character — Charles Swann, who is the mirror of the narrator, living what he has lived a generation before — be the refined, assimilated, indeed converted Jew, member of the Jockey Club and friend of the Prince of Wales — and another Jewish character, Bloch, a rude and unpleasant arriviste.

All of them will be deeply affected by the Dreyfus affair (Proust himself was a staunch Dreyfusard). The Swann of "Swann in Love" will be ruined in society, not only by his unfortunate love for the

Continued on page 9

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WEEKEND

The Cultural 'Global Village'

by John Rockwell

NEW YORK — Twenty years after Marshall McLuhan's heyday, and a decade after he might have seemed past, what he said seems to have come incontrovertibly true. We really do live now in a "global village" where nearly everyone — or at least the more sensitive among us, meaning our artists — is affected by everyone else. It is increasingly difficult today for a Western artist, who once might have stayed safely within the course of his own culture's evolution, to remain apart from the traditions of other cultures. This is the era of international artistic cross-fertilization, and Peter Brook's "Mahabharata" has just opened in Brooklyn, as if to prove the point.

The centerpiece of this year's Next Wave Festival of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, "The Mahabharata" will inaugurate the newly reconstructed Majestic Theater near the academy for a three-month run. A nine-hour — not counting two intermissions — theatrical realization of the Hindu epic of the same name, "The Mahabharata" can — must — be approached on many levels. It is the climax thus far of Brook's own remarkable career as a theatrical innovator. It is a populist stage spectacle with razzle-dazzle special effects, based on a terrific story. It is the theatrical equivalent (although here Brook himself grows diffident) of the philosophical and religious ceremonies and belief systems at the heart of Hinduism.

But in addition to all that, "The Mahabharata" is an English-born, French-based director's vision of a French author's condensation of a huge, ancient Indian book, using a multinational cast and now touring the world. It is thus inherently a realization of McLuhan's thesis: a vibrant proof of the vitality of artistic hybridization.

A fascination with the "mysterious East" was once a mere faddish gloss on colonialism, a half-guilty, half-delicious projection of fantasies on distant parts of the world that few Westerners really knew. But in our own time, once-exotic art forms have become widely accessible. Performers from all over the world tour in the United States, and interested Western artists can and do visit them on their own turf. They are available on recordings, films and videos.

The result has been an explosion of Western performing arts overtly indebted to Asian and African traditions. One could adduce the name of almost any important, creatively original performing artist of this

century. From Ruth St. Denis's Egyptian-Indian modern-dance pioneering to Puccini's Chinese fantasy-opera, "Turandot"; from Samuel Beckett's theater of silences and Benjamin Britten's church parables, both inspired by Japanese Noh drama, to the contemporary French director Ariane Mnouchkine's brightly colored kaleidoscopes of Oriental theater; from Laura Dean's devish spinning to Philip Glass's Minimalist music, based on Indian ragas and theater and animated by Tibetan Buddhism — few artistic endeavors of our time have escaped the influence of non-Western arts.

The works so influenced are sometimes subtly, sometimes radically different from traditional Western music, dance and theater. Such art can seem merely jejune, innocent copies of traditions inseparable from the cultures that gave them birth. McLuhan's international utopia is not yet fully upon us. Often, foreign imitations are unfaithful to the originals. But, surprisingly, seemingly brutal borrowings can sometimes appear strikingly fresh in a new cultural context. Or the artists can be informed by Eastern religious and philosophical ideals even when their work does not seem Oriental on the surface. Even a seemingly incoherent pastiche can make sense, coalescing into a persuasive whole almost in spite of disparate elements. And it may be that one work better exemplifies all these perhaps improbable virtues than Brook's "Mahabharata."

THERE are all manner of dangers inherent in such borrowings, to be sure. Distant cultures can be crudely stereotyped, especially if the stereotyping accompanies political, military or economic domination. But the greatest danger, artistically speaking, is that sounds and movements and gestures can be yanked crudely out of context, destroying their millennia-old connection to tradition. We may understand exotic art far better than our grandparents did, but there is still an enormous cultural gulf.

As Brook writes in his forward to the published English version of "The Mahabharata" (an essay reprinted in his new collection of theatrical writings, "The Shifting Point"), "One of the difficulties we encounter when we see traditional theater from the East is that we admire without understanding. Unless we possess the keys to the symbols, we remain on the outside, fascinated, perhaps, by the surface, but unable to contact the human realities without which these complex art forms would never have arisen."

Glass's Indian debts don't stop there. His opera "Satyagraha" — currently in repertory at the Chicago Lyric Opera — is on an Indian subject (the young Gandhi in South Africa, with cameo appearances by Lord Krishna and Prince Arjuna, who also appear in "The Mahabharata"). It is sung entirely in Sanskrit and its dramaturgical precepts are derived from South Indian Kathakali dance drama. And yet it is not an "Indian opera"; it's an American as Glass, with his nervous New York sensibility, his linear intensity and his driving ambition. But he is also a practicing Tibetan Buddhist, which brings up yet another sort of Oriental influence. That is one in which an artist's basic belief structure may have been affected by non-Western cultures, even if his art is in no obvious sense imitative of the East.

The examples are manifold: John Cage's music is hardly Oriental in any direct sense, yet he owes much (and thus do the thousands of younger artists and musicians he's influenced) to Zen Buddhism as propagated in the West by D.T. Suzuki. There are several groups of Indian mystics (Sri Chinmoy, Modern Sufis (the Dira Art Foundation) and Tibetan Buddhists (the Dalai Lama's recent visit caused considerable excitement in SoHo) with wide membership among "downtown" Manhattan artists, from Glass to the folk-rock singer Suzanne Vega. Her music sounds in now way "Tibetan," yet she links her melodic sense to the "circular melodies" of Tibetan chanting. And the artistic impact of the Nichiren Buddhist sect, to which she subscribes, extends beyond the downtown Manhattan Bohemia. The veteran jazz singer Ernestine Anderson has recently credited it with restoring her self-confidence and hence revitalizing her career.

It can also be argued that the very notion of an eclectic pastiche can lead to a new, vital art. "The Mahabharata" itself, despite its



Antonin Starky-Viswanadhan, left, and Bruce Myers in Peter Brook's "The Mahabharata."

Martha Swope

Indian origins, is an example of such a dizzying mixture, starting with its multinational cast, French writer, Japanese composer and English director. Eclecticism is commonly derided these days, but Brook, in a recent interview, saw it as positive.

"The different cultures can be seen as fragments of a whole, pointing toward a complete man," he said. "When a group of actors comes from many cultures, their aim, their function, is not to bring with them fragments of their own cultures, but to bring themselves, as they are. An African actor, at the very moment he is telling his portion of the story, brings with him a different tone, a different music than an American actor."

For Brook, the pitfalls of such pastiches can be overcome by a director who can sense, intuitively or intellectually, just how to combine the elements at his disposal. In a sense, the adoption of non-Western practices has returned Western performing arts to conditions that existed in earlier centuries.

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BELGIUM

ENGLAND

BRUSSELS:

• Palais des Beaux-Arts (tel: 512 30 45).

— To Dec. 16: Treasures of the Order of the Golden Fleece: jewelry, portraits and illuminated books evoking the order of knighthood founded in 1430.

LONDON:

• Barbican Centre (tel: 638 41 41).

— To Oct. 18: The Image of London: views of London from 1550-1918 by artists foreign to the British Isles, including Rembrandt, Canaletto, Pissaro, Whistler, Monet.

• Imperial War Museum (tel: 735 89 22).

— To Jan. 17: 58 Soviet posters from 1917-1945.

• Royal Festival Hall (tel: 833 27 44).

— To Oct. 18: Star Choices: From the Arts Council Collection. Selections from Britain's largest collection of contemporary art.

• Royal Academy of Arts (tel: 734 90 52).

— To Oct. 25: Master Drawings from the Ian Woodner Collection. Over 100 drawings from the early Renaissance to the Impressionists.

• National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, (tel: 858 4422).

— To Oct. 25: Masters of the Sea. Art with a maritime theme by British artists 1650-1930: watercolors, drawings and sketchbooks.

• Tate Gallery (tel: 821 13 13).

— To Jan. 3: Manners and Morals.

• Hogarth and British Painting 1700-1760. 200 works, including more than 30 by Hogarth and early works by Gainsborough and Reynolds.

• Musee d'Orsay (tel: 45 49 48 14).

— To Jan. 3: Choctaw, Birth of a Metropolis. 1872-1922. Architectural drawings, photographs, art and objects of design.

• Musee de Chaillot (tel: 45 53 70 60).

— To Jan. 31: Ancient Peru, Life, Power and Death. 600 artifacts from ancient Peru and the Inca empire.

• Musee d'Orsay (tel: 45 49 48 14).

— To Jan. 3: Choctaw, Birth of a Metropolis. 1872-1922. Architectural drawings, photographs, art and objects of design.

• Delacroix paintings, recently on view in Zurich, includes about 100 works.

• HAMBURG:

• Hamburger Kunsthalle (tel: 24 32 25).

— To Nov. 15: The theme of War and Peace from the Napoleonic war to the present manifested in German and Russian Art. Over 300 works (paintings, drawings, prints and sculpture) arranged thematically.

SPAIN

MADRID:

• Fundacion Juan March (tel: 435 42 40).

— To Nov. 15: 54 works by Mark Rothko from the recent Rothko retrospective at the Tate Gallery in London.

SWITZERLAND

BERN:

• Kunstmuseum (tel: 22 09 44).

— To Jan. 3: Paul Klee — Life and Work: already seen in New York and Cleveland, the only European showing of this exhibition of 300 paintings, aquarelles, and drawings.

DOONESBURY

• IN ONE DAY OR ANOTHER, SKIPPY'S DISLOYALTY AFFECTED EVERY MEMBER OF THE BUSH CLAN.

WHAT'S WRONG, UNCLE PLOW?

IT'S MY PUTTING GAME, PENNY, IT'S OFF.

• AND I WANT HIM STRICKEN FROM MY HILL!

YES, MAM.

• THE BUSH WOMEN IN PARTICULAR FOUND SKIPPY'S BEHAVIOR UNFORGIVABLE.

AND I WANT HIM STRICKEN FROM MY HILL!

YES, MAM.

• ONLY GEORGE WAS CHARACTERICALLY RESTRAINED.

IF HE FEELS DU PONT IS HIS MAN, I HAVE TO RESPECT THAT.

• DU PONT IN CONTRAST, WAS SHAMELESS.

AND NOW, MY VERY, VERY GOOD FRIEND, GEORGE BUSH'S BROTHER.

THANKS, PETE!

• DU PONT IN CONTRAST, WAS SHAMELESS.

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Greece Dr.	22,000	12,000	6,600	Dr. 49.56 Dr. 18,040
Ireland £.Irl.	150	82	45	£.Irl. 0.34 £.Irl. 123
Italy Lire	380,000	210,000	115,000	Lire 275,200
Luxembourg L.Fr.	11,500	6,300	3,400	L.Fr. 18.41 L.Fr. 6,700
Netherlands Fl.	650	360	198	Fl. 1.21 Fl. 440
Norway* N.Kr.	1,800	990	540	N.Kr. 3.05 N.Kr. 1,110
Portugal Esc.	22,000	12,000	6,600	Esc. 64.58 Esc. 23,500
Spain* Pts.	29,000	16,000	8,800	Pts. 55.33 Pts. 20,140
Sweden* S.Kr.	1,800	990	540	S.Kr. 3.05 S.Kr. 1,110
Switzerland S.Fr.	510	280	154	S.Fr. 1.10 S.Fr. 400
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Rest of Africa, Gulf States, Asia: \$	580	320	175	Varies by country

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WEEKEND

Proust Mania

Continued from page 7

bon-mondaine Odette, but also by his Dreyfusard opinions — and Odette's anti-Dreyfusard salon. The bourgeois Verdurin salon will be swept up into aristocratic society by its anti-Dreyfusard stand — until the insufferable Madame Verdurin becomes Princesse de Guermantes. Oriane, the unforgettable and seemingly indomitable Duchesse de Guermantes, will end as a figure of fun as she accepts into her faded salon the actress Rachel. And Bloch will pose as anti-Semitic and eventually take the name of Jacques du Rozier.

Still, Proust's genius was that, while he himself so longed for the company of another class than his own, he never failed to see that class for what it was — in unforgettable scenes, when the Duc de Guermantes cares more about the color of his wife's shoes than about the *fatal illness* of his old friend Swann, or when he pushes away someone with the news of a relative's imminent death, angry that it will make him miss a party; when the Baron de Charlus, so friendly to the narrator alone, in grander company hardly betrays the fact that he sees him.

SNOBBERY is a leitmotiv in Proust's work: he obviously was a snob himself, but he rationalized it as best he could. In "Remembrance," characters like Bloch and Legrandin are seen to be ill with snobbery, but Swann rises above it, indeed does not need to be a snob because he is who he is. In earlier writing, Proust said: "Diverse people exist side by side within each of us, and the life of many a superior man is often only the coexistence of a philosopher and a snob."

Proust did not look only at the rich and mighty. He saw as well the smallness of his own, bourgeois, society: "The bourgeois of those days had a slightly Hindu idea of society, and considered it as composed of closed castes where each person, from birth, found himself placed in the rank that his parents occupied."

He mercilessly catalogued the ugly and the ridiculous within the bourgeois and the servant classes: The two old maids in Marcel's family whose delicacy is so great that they can spend hours thanking someone for a present without their meaning ever being clear; the humble and stupid Docteur Courtard, who tries so hard to make what are always bad puns — but when he rises to prominence, is said by everyone to be a great wit; and not least, the extraordinary malapropisms of his maid, Françoise, malapropisms so brilliant they become earthy poetry. And he showed that the rich had no monopoly on cruelty to those they considered their inferiors, since Françoise could treat her helpers as badly as any duke treated his valets.

And what of the new-found material? The most interesting by far is a text found by Claude Mauriac (Proust's great-nephew by marriage) in 1986 (illustration above right). Edited by Nathalie Mauriac and published this month by Grasset, this is a vastly revised version of what has been known as "The

Fugitive," much shorter but denser than the original. In all likelihood, if Proust had continued with this version — which the Mauriac edition says might have made this section as compact and free-standing as "Swann in Love" — he would have had to revise the rest of the book as well.

The text will keep scholars busy for a while, studying what Proust's intentions were. But, of course, the fact that it exists, and perhaps others like it, is vintage Proust, the endless rewriter. The last section of the book, "Time Regained," abounds with contradictions and puts on stage people who must be well over 100. "Remembrance" was Proust's life, and like life it had to come to an end, not necessarily the right or perfect one. (The current version has sold six million volumes in France alone.)

Proust was by no means an unknown in his time (he won the Goncourt literary prize for "Within a Budding Grove," the second published section of his work) but the greatness of his work was not clear to many people. Indeed, the resemblances of some characters to people he knew more or less well — Robert de Montesquiou, the wealthy Charles Haas, the Prince Boson de Sagan — amused some people like salon gossip, but angered many others. And the Comtesse de Grefulhe, one of the models for the Duchesse de Guermantes, never liked him at all. At the end of her life she said: "His overly assiduous flattery was not to my taste," adding, "He was annoying."

PROUST knew his own genius. He complained that he was not understood: "Where I looked for the great laws, they called me a *feuilleur de détails*," roughly one who pokes through details. And he once told his long-time maid, Célestine Alibert (herself immortalized as Françoise) that people would come to see her about him after he died. And indeed they would. So much so that Célestine wrote her own memoirs of the maid she watched over for so many years.

She told of a birdlike man who wrote in the early hours of the morning in his famous cork-lined room, woke in the afternoon, ate almost nothing and went out in the middle of the night looking for a detail he had forgotten, barging into salons to ask what color a dress had been at a party so many years before, or where a cake had been ordered. People often tried to get away from him — he was tiresome, *insonnac* — but the irony is, of course, that most of these people would have disappeared without a trace had not Proust so well remembered them.

■ *Illustration by Christian Rose*

A Critic Looks at Mysterious Bob Dylan

by Mike Zwerin

PARIS — Bob Dylan was backlit the entire concert: for one and a half hours not a clear feature, not one frontal spot. Why bother to go on stage in the first place? I started looking for clues.

It was at the Bercy Omnisports arena last week, toward the end of Dylan's grueling six-week tour of Israel and Europe. Maybe he was simply fed up with the road. No, it was deeper than that. He was like one of those terrorist spokesmen who have something urgent to say to television but who must avoid recognition, so only a shadow is seen. Dylan has always been a shadowy figure.

In 1978, I was invited backstage to meet him after a concert. The concert had been stunning, and I went reluctantly: fantasy is usually better than heroes in the flesh. Dylan, wearing a sweaty T-shirt, and a bodyguard sipped beer. A bare light bulb hung from the ceiling behind his head so he was shadowed, too.

As they often do, his words went through my mind: "Life sometimes must get lonely."

He looked like a world war was passing through his brain: there was nobody there to call his bluff. I could almost hear him say, "Okay, I've had enough. What else can you show me?" I gave him a copy of a magazine I was writing for at the time. "It's a good magazine," the bodyguard said. Dylan said he'd look forward to reading it. Wondering how much information he got from bodyguards, I thought: "You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you."

LAST week in Bercy, through binoculars, I glimpsed the outline of gray, pouchy features. It wasn't so much unhappiness as the absence of happiness. Maybe it was just this tour. He was criticized for not singing his hits; had been called "tired," "monotonous," "boring." In Tel Aviv, he told Robert Hilburn of the Los Angeles Times: "Sometimes I just can't get things rolling on stage, but I don't understand this 'hus' business. I never think about whether a song is a hit."

Several years ago, during an interview, I asked him if he ever worried about repeating himself. "I don't know who I am anyway from one day to another," he replied, "so I don't know what there is to repeat." Then there are these lines in "Baldaf of a Thin Man":

*And you say what's mine
And somebody else says where what is?
And you say oh my God
Am I here all alone?*

His songs were not "tired" in Bercy, and it wasn't boredom up there in the shadows. It was more like fear. He looked more lonely than he had with the bodyguard. Nor was it age — he is 46. Enthusiastic 46-year-old rock musicians abound: Mick Jagger, for example, and The Grateful Dead. Roger McGuinn, who opened the concert ("Ladies and gentlemen, the founder of the legendary Byrds"), performed '60s Byrd hits like "Turn Turn Turn" and "Mr. Tambourine Man" with joyful gusto, and he is 45.

Of course it is much easier to bathe in spotlights when you're singing other people's songs like you sang them 20 years ago. There's nothing wrong with just having fun pleasing people with your music, on the contrary, but it's not exactly heroic. Dylan once said: "To draw a crowd with my guitar, that's about the most heroic thing I can do." And a line in "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" goes: "I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinking."

Bob Dylan will never tread water. Treading water is not heroic. He writes verses, however, not lyrics. His words stand up on paper, they are fixed. Writing new ones seems to be coming harder for him now. He tried to stay afloat by playing "Maggie's Farm" double-time and improvising on the melody of "Like a Rolling Stone." But voice control has never been his strong point and he's no Billie Holiday, so he frequently tripped up. Extended confidences during blackouts between numbers were often followed by shaky starts. There were boos. No lit lighters were raised in tribute. Two young stars fell asleep in the rows around me.

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HOWEVER, "He not busy being born is busy dying," which, come to think of it, is also Miles Davis's philosophy. There are certain similarities between Dylan and Davis. They both married traditional forms to rock, both were deserted by their original fans. They both have reputations as being loners, acerbic and prone to bad humor. They tend to disappear both metaphorically and in front of your very eyes: a backlit Bob Dylan can be compared to Miles Davis with his back to the audience.

While Davis responds to criticism by the valid observation that nobody criticizes an orchestra conductor for turning his back to the audience, Dylan has no parallel cop-out. He certainly can no longer be surprised that a singing poet is in show business. Why does a millionaire pop star perform all over the world hiding in the dark?

The tour has been full of ups and downs. He was hissed in Tel Aviv and cheered in Jerusalem. After observing that Dylan was "wearing some sort of dead rodent on his head" The Guardian said of his concert in Birmingham: "This is a brave, frequently exciting experiment, and the electricity is tangible."

Although there had been electricity in Paris, it was anything but tangible. Sometimes Dylan must ask himself — Why do I write this weird stuff? It may not make sense to him every time. It began to dawn on me that Dylan goes on stage so he can tell 13,000 strangers what he doesn't look one friend in the eye and say straight out. Maybe he doesn't have a friend he can do that with. There's safety in numbers. And he absolutely must continue to say it, insecurity notwithstanding, his life literally depends on it. But the electronic mix is drowning out the words; we can't hear them let alone understand them, and he's not about to look all of us in the eye.

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AVENUE INTERNATIONAL

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THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ADAM SMITH

Brainy writer, editor, investor, and spiritual seeker George Goodman, aka Adam Smith, now hosts TV's most fascinating business show.

by Richard Scheinman

There are times when his television show is all that Jerry Goodman wants it to be. When he has Sony chairman Akio Morita talking by satellite to former United Auto Workers president Douglas Fraser in New York about the U.S.-Japan trade wars, that's damn odd television. When he talks about buddhism with Doug Tompkins, the new-age CEO of yuppie sportswear Jan Esprit, that's neat. When Mr. Goodman goes on location to Beijing and stumbles on Virginia Kamsky, a thirty-year-old investment banker from New York who speaks fluent Chinese and is carving up the budding Chinese market with her staff of twelve American businesswomen, all of whom speak Chinese fluently, that's darling.

Adam Smith's Money World is a hit. The show premiered in September 1984 and is now carried by some 237 public TV stations. It can occasionally be seen, courtesy of the U.S. Information Agency, in such far-flung spots as Singapore, Seoul, and Tokyo.

No one else in television is doing what he is doing. "He basically doesn't like to report a whole lot," says business writer Chris Welles, who worked with Jerry Goodman at *Institutional Investor* in the late 1960s. "He would much rather be an oracle."

But the fact remains that no one else devotes thirty minutes a week to explaining the arcana of business and international finance like Mr. Goodman. He and his staff examine just one topic a week. One week he discusses tax reform, the next week it's cheap oil, the Fed, the future of Hong Kong, federal Star Wars expenditures, even the rise of MTV. New faces show up in the studio each week: Paul Volcker, Walter Wriston, Ivan Boesky, T. Boone Pickens, venture capitalist Arthur Rock. The cumulative effect is aleidoscopic, a shifting profile of business life in what Mr. Goodman calls the Roaring Eighties.

Today Mr. Goodman is on location

at the racetrack in Monmouth, New Jersey. He is here to interview a couple of economics professors about their new how-to book on betting the horses. Sound like fun? It should be, but Mr. Goodman—known by his pseudonym, Adam Smith, to those who read his books or watch his weekly PBS show—is being a sourpuss.

The racetrack show was Mr. Goodman's idea. He wanted to demonstrate that betting at the track is like investing in the stock market—that it's a game and that there are all sorts of approaches to playing. He has explored this sort of theme for twenty years, since his days as a writer at the old *New York* magazine. "For the true players," he wrote back then, "you could substitute plastic money or whales' teeth." Today's show is familiar territory, a chance for Mr. Goodman to do a little tap dance on the basic principles of investing while providing some lively entertainment.

But Mr. Goodman is bugged. It's a drizzly afternoon, and his producer won't let him put on his raincoat. Besides, it is the day after Paul Volcker resigned as chairman of the Federal Reserve, and being at the racetrack seems to offend Mr. Goodman's sense of priorities. "I'd rather talk to Volcker and Greenspan or the prime minister of Singapore."

George Jerome Waldo Goodman was born in the St. Louis suburbs fifty-seven years ago. His father was a lawyer with a private practice. His mother, a medical researcher, took him on Audubon Society bird walks. George wasn't interested in money. "The atmosphere in our house was to consider business people slightly inferior—you know as not being up on operas and books and things of interest. And we had a lot of books in our house, and a lot of magazines, and a lot of talk. And my mother knew Vladimir Golschman, who was the conductor of the St. Louis Symphony." Young

George studied the piano and played varsity high school football.

He entered Harvard as an undergraduate in 1948 and took a special major in the history and literature of England, France, and the United States during the period 1815 to 1941. He took seven semesters of courses in writing. He wrote half of a novel—"a kind of Evelyn Waugh thing. It was a lot of fun"—for his course with Ar-



TV money man Jerry Goodman at home in Princeton.

chibald MacLeish. "Jerry wanted to be a novelist," recalls his former classmate and longtime friend Daniel Ellsberg. "I don't think he had any economics courses other than Economics One."

At Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship, Mr. Goodman wrote his first complete novel, an adventure story called *The Bubble Makers*. At the instigation of a roommate, he began to pore through the *Essays of Persuasion* and the *General Theory* of the late British economist John Maynard Keynes, who was to become one of Mr. Goodman's heroes.

After two years at Oxford, Mr. Goodman returned to the States, and in 1954 he signed up with the military. Soon he was stationed with the Army's psychological war unit at Fort Bragg,

North Carolina. He briefly visited South Vietnam, the Philippines, and Thailand, but he makes the whole Army experience sound like *M*A*S*H*. He passed some of the time writing, and his agent sold three pieces to the *New Yorker*. He wrote his second novel, a wistful elaboration on his Oxford years, called *A Time for Paris*. It was published after Mr. Goodman's return to civilian life in 1957 and was favorably reviewed. But it didn't sell.

"I could see that writing novels was gonna be a difficult profession," he says. "I didn't want to teach in a university, and I didn't want to write ads in an agency, so I thought I better learn something useful. And I did."

This is when Jerry Goodman began to get interested in Wall Street.

"I had friends who were in the stock

about the stock predictions, stock charts, and market intrigue that would enliven his anthology, *The Money Game*, a decade later.

The novel is a romantic comedy about a prim young Philadelphia-bred stock analyst named Molly Thatcher and the man who woos her, a flamboyant Texan in a ten-gallon hat named Henry Tyroon. Only Tyroon turns out to be a phony—he is really the New England-bred son of an M.I.T. professor of romance languages. Mr. Goodman patterned Tyroon after some real businessmen he met in Texas while doing a piece for *Barron's* about the oil service industry: "These guys all worked for one company called Zapata, and George Bush was one of them. He was then called Poppy—Poppy Bush. . . . And they interested me because they weren't Texans. They were all preppy New Englanders who were in Texas to make a lot of money in the oil business. They had an airplane, and they would get out of Texas every chance they could."

Mr. Goodman met Clay Felker (a fellow native of St. Louis) who was then an editor at *Esquire*. "I was living at Thirty-eight East Seventy-fifth, my doorbell rang, and he said, 'I'm Clay Felker, and I've read your stuff, and I want to get to know you.' He was very aggressive." They became friends and rented a beach house in Quogue, Long Island, together—"Should've bought it. Probably worth a million bucks today," says Mr. Goodman. And one weekend, the writer Peter Maas brought out a date, an actress named Sallie Brophy.

Ms. Brophy had lived in Hollywood and had appeared in movies with Shirley MacLaine and Audrey Hepburn. "She'd had a TV series called *Buckskin*, about a gutsy woman who kept a boarding house in the Montana territory." She and Mr. Goodman started going out. She introduced him to such theater friends of hers as Hal Prince and George Abbott. In October 1961, they were married. At the reception, in ex-Ambassador Louis Douglas's apartment, guests Leonard Bernstein and Steven Sondheim performed a song from *West Side Story*.

By this time, Mr. Goodman was working the only straight investment job he ever held. He had become interested in small capitalization stocks and, while at *Barron's*, met a man named Sam Stedman. Mr. Stedman was

an investment manager who was moving away from his investments in small companies to concentrate on a bigger, more institutional business and who needed someone to manage his smaller accounts. He hired Mr. Goodman as portfolio manager of his Lincoln Fund. This was an important time for Mr. Goodman. He joined the New York Society of Security Analysts, a connection that became invaluable during his underground reporting days as Adam Smith.

Mr. Goodman was starting to invest successfully himself, sniffing out little companies that were about to take off. He got wind of a tiny outfit that had developed a machine for reading the embossed letters on credit cards. This outfit, he discovered, was about to be sold to a corporation in Massachusetts, so he went there to check out the buyers and decided to invest in the stock. "It went way the hell up," he recalls with relish, "so I got a little penthouse on the East Side."

Meanwhile, Mr. Goodman was living life to the hilt, collaborating on the side on a musical comedy. (Called *Carte Blanche*, it was never produced.) He was also writing financial advice columns for *Esquire*. At the same time, a friend of his wife was conducting research at UCLA on LSD, which was legal in those days. Mr. Goodman flew out and took the "little blue pill" and wrote about the experience. It was 1960.

So began his interest in altered states of consciousness. Back in New York, he checked into a hospital on Roosevelt Island, where research into a variety of hallucinogens was going on. This time, Mr. Goodman took mescaline. As the "trip" began, he threw away his wallet and wristwatch—"the symbolism is all too obvious," he comments. Clay Felker remembers having to go to the hospital to pick him up. The trip was recorded in the pages of *Esquire* a few months later.

For *Esquire*, Mr. Goodman also went to Vietnam to profile his buddy David Halberstam, who was covering the war for the *New York Times*. That was just before Mr. Goodman began commuting to Hollywood to write the screenplay for *The Wheeler Dealers*. *Continued on page 3*

means," she says. "You have to find people who love the theater."

Like many of her fellow Broadway businesswomen, Francine LeFrak, daughter of real estate tycoon Samuel LeFrak, stumbled into theater. Trained as an art historian, she became an art appraiser for Sotheby's. One fateful day she was asked to be art consultant for the filming of *The Eyes of Laura Mars*. In no time, the show bug bit. Soon she was an investor, putting money into the shows *Ain't Misbehavin'* and *Children of a Lesser God*. Coproduction chores followed for *They're Playing Our Song*, *Crimes of the Heart*, and *Nine*.

"Women are very good at producing," Ms. LeFrak observes, "because they're determined and they're patient. They're also very good at nurturing—and that's something that both the talent and the investors need."

Ms. LeFrak, now in her mid-thirties, says that her only other preparation for the theater world was life with her family. "Home was like a Feydeau farce. When I first saw *Noises Off*, I thought, 'This is my life!'" Ms. LeFrak says that in addition to the units she owns in shows as producer, she buys a small interest in all her shows for luck, and judges that she's come out ahead so far. "I guess one out of every twelve shows makes a profit. In London, where you're not dependent on the say-so of one critic—like the *New York Times*' Frank Rich—you have a better chance of success, maybe one in four."

Perhaps that's why Ms. LeFrak is producing shows in London now. She's *Continued on page 2*

PLAY MONEY

Today's new breed of women producers are investing in Broadway. It's a new money game, and it's one they're winning.

By David Finkle

Margo Lion, an independent theater producer, got mugged by gypsies when she was visiting Italy. It was the best thing that could have happened to her.

Before she headed off to Europe, Ms. Lion had tried, without success, to invest in the New York production of *Les Misérables*, which she believed would be a hit. While on a tour of a church in Florence, she found herself surrounded by a ragtag group of women, tables hanging from their necks, who were grabbing at her. Next thing she knew, her wallet was gone. The tour leader, art historian Joseph Forte, ran off, and during their conversation he mentioned that he was married to Elizabeth Williams, whose firm, Mutual Benefit Productions, was syndicating units in *Les Misérables*. As a matter of fact, he said, he'd spoken with her just the night before, and a unit had become available. Mr. Forte and Ms. Lion hotfooted it back to the

hotel, called New York, and Margo Lion nabbed the unit, later adding two more.

Margo Lion and Elizabeth Williams are among the new breed of Broadway players, many of whom are women, who are carving out a niche for themselves in the risky, high-stakes theater world. Though their roles may be different—Independent investor, producer, financier—they have two things in common: a passion for the theater, and money to back it up.

Broadway, which has always been show business, is now also big business. In 1939, only \$25,000 was needed to open *Life with Father*. In 1956, staging *My Fair Lady* cost \$401,000. Even fifteen years ago investors could get a share of *Steub*, which was capitalized at \$150,000, for \$6,000, says its producer, Morton Gottlieb. Today, it costs upwards of \$750,000 to mount a nonmusical play, and a minimum of \$4 million to put a full-scale musical on the boards. *Les*

Misérables cost \$4.5 million, and it required a staggering \$8 million to mount *Starlight Express*, the ramp-and-roller-skate extravaganza that was a smash hit in London but was drubbed mercilessly by the New York critics.

During the past eight years or so, there has been a virtual disappearance of the five-thousand-and-under investor," says Richard Hummer, theater editor for *Variety*, the entertainment trade paper. Instead, the usual players are corporations, movie companies looking for potential properties, and outfits such as the Shubert and Nederlander organizations, which need to keep their houses lit.

But even though most of the investors are big ones, there are a few determined independents who manage to triumph while the giants fail.

Carole Shorenstein Hays, daughter of San Francisco real estate man Walter Shorenstein, took up producing when she began investing in road tours of

Broadway hits in order to bring them into the three theaters she owns in San Francisco. Bitten by the producing bug, she decided that for her first project she wanted to find "something of substance, something I'd want to see."

She found it in *Fences*, a drama about a black garbage collector in Pittsburgh. Producer Hays became the sole investor, putting up the entire \$850,000 herself. "I thought it would be an artistic success; I was just hoping the reviews would be good enough to get us through the month to get Tony nominations," Mrs. Hays says. The play did better than that. Hailed by the critics, it was the surprise smash hit of the spring 1987 season, winning four Tony awards, including best play, and a Pulitzer Prize for its author, August Wilson. Mrs. Hays's acceptance speech for her Tony was brief but memorable. "I might give birth right now," said the then-pregnant producer.

Mrs. Hayes follows in the footsteps



Francine LeFrak

Elizabeth Williams and Karen Goodwin

Mary Lea Johnson

Margo Lion



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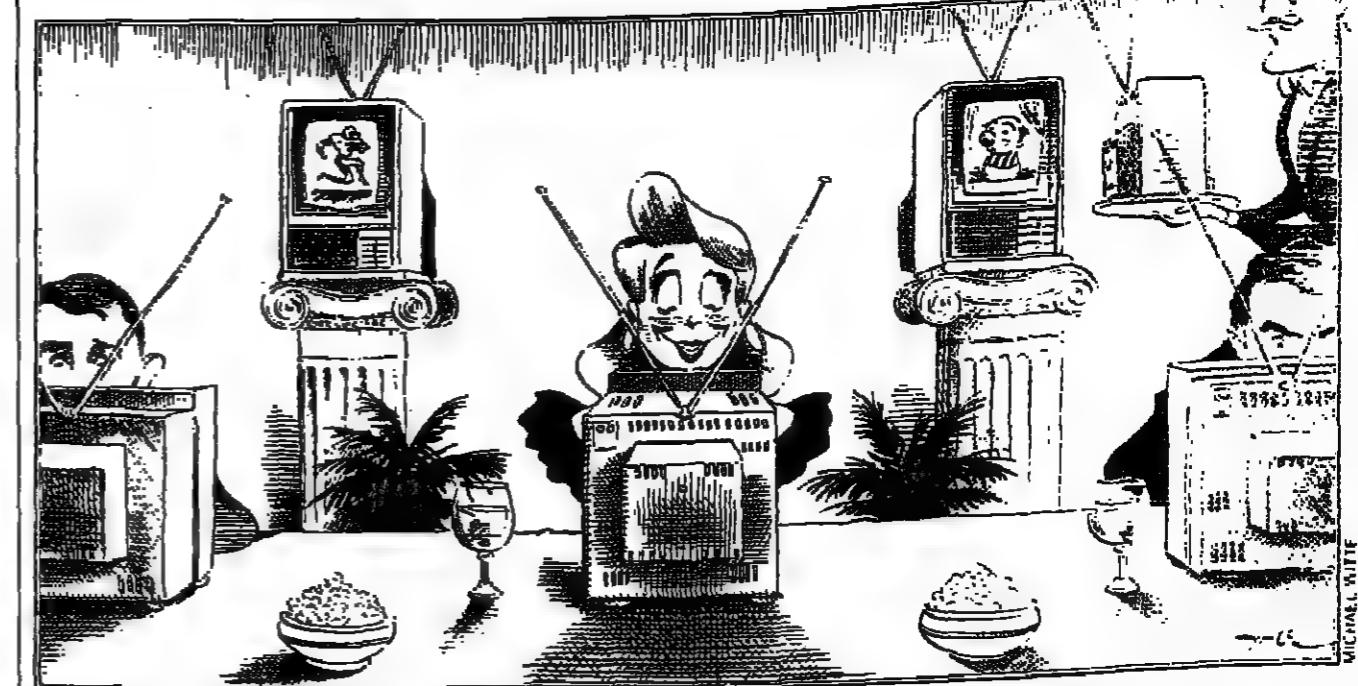
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THE GOURMET TV DINNER

Today at glittering galas, first you talk left, then you talk right, and then you go to the videotape.

By Ms. Faux Pas

Pardonner-moi while Ms. Faux Pas ouvre la porte and comes out of the closet where she keeps her TV. For more years than she can remember, Ms. Faux Pas has had to have Wagner playing on the foyer Victrola on Friday nights to drown out the sound of J.R. and Sue Ellen's bickering. As you know, ever since the dawning of *The Flintstones* it has been de rigueur in high society to claim one never watches the tube. But now, with rumors flying that Oliver North-by-northwest will become a TV spokesman for travelers checks ("Don't Leave for Managua Without Them"), it appears that TV is becoming acceptable.

But few people—or things—make it up the social ladder these days without a gentle push from public relations.

To win social acceptability, the TV industry had to hire its own PR flack, Howard Reubensandwich, whose strategy was to get important people to watch TV during top social occasions—and admit to it.

The only nights on which watching TV while having a civil conversation is condoned and accepted in public are Election Night and Academy Awards Night. On all other nights, TV has been a private indulgence for the glitterati—and a guilt-ridden one. Let's face it, if they're not ashamed of it, why do they all hide their sets inside expensive built-ins?

But today at last, thanks to Howard Reubensandwich, TV is emerging from behind the cabinetmakers' hand-polished mahogany doors.

The hottest social divertissement is the TV dinner, and hostesses are rushing down to Crazy Freddy's, the TV dinner party rental store, to rent their TV monitors, microphones, and recliners and to get blowups of old TV Guide covers to decorate their bashes.

The TV dinner craze was launched with the chic little fundraising dos at the Museum of Networking, Bill Paleface's new pet project. Something had to be done to save *The Flying Nun* from being carted off to the slumber room in the video burial vault that's being planned at the new headquarters of NBC in New Jersey.

Essentially, what separates the gourmet fundraising TV dinner from a Swanson TV dinner is that you eat a Swanson's in your bathrobe, while a gourmet dinner calls for black tie. In addition, there are TV monitors all around the banquet hall—and better yet, live TV stars at every table. Ms. Faux Pas can attest to that.

PLAY MONEY

Continued from page 1

also licensing and producing shows in Japan, where she launched productions of *Nine and My One and Only*. Each Japanese theatergoer shells out about seventy dollars for a ticket. Ms. LeFak is also active in Hollywood, and her business is something of a family affair. Her husband, entertainment lawyer Kirk D'Amico, has ventured into theater as associate producer for the off-Broadway hit *Stagger Lee* and often works in London, producing shows for the BBC.

London was where Margo Lion first saw *Les Misérables* and decided she had to be an investor in the New York production. While her investment in the show came about in an offbeat manner—via the gypsy mugging in Florence—the theatrical instincts that urged her to put a heavy bet on the show had been solidly nurtured. Now forty-two, she has been connected

with the theater for the past nine years. Baltimore-born and California-educated—she attended Mills College—she thought she might teach American history. Her career path led her first to politics (she worked for Senator Robert Kennedy) and later to education (she taught first- and second-graders at the Town School in New York). It wasn't until she accompanied her then-husband, a playwright, to a University of Iowa playwriting workshop that she got involved in theater.

A cousin, Martha Clarke, was making a name as a director in New York at the time. Margo Lion worked with her for a while, and then Ms. Clarke introduced her to Lyn Austin, who ran the Music Theater Group. Ms. Lion spent four years with Ms. Austin, eventually became her partner, and helped develop fifteen musical productions. Then Ms. Lion ventured out on her own as a producer in the commercial theater. Early artistic successes in-

done with the smoking gun?"

Ollie thanked Dan for giving him the opportunity to answer that question and recited the Marine Corps instructions for handling smoking guns. Then he gave Ms. Faux Pas his unfinished bag of Nicaraguan nachos and excused himself, saying he had to go to the opening of *Farewell to Arms*, a new Iranian restaurant owned by a former colleague.

As Ollie bent to pick up his briefcase in the darkened room, his medals got tangled in the chain of Ms. Faux Pas' evening bag and knocked it to the floor. Apparently, in the ensuing disentanglement, a small box from Ollie's briefcase found its way into Ms. Faux Pas' bag—a fact she discovered only after he left, when she reached into her bag for Bubbly Water's guidebook. It was a videocassette labeled *Smoking Gun*. Uh, oh. Ms. Faux Pas is no dummy. She knows that during the Iran-Contradictory affair everyone was looking for the smoking gun—the proof that the president knew what he knew when he forgot it in spite of the fact that he forgot it when he really didn't know it. Dan, whose ratings were slipping, would kill for this tape.

What would that great patriot Fawn Hallmark have done in this situation? But of course! If Fawn couldn't make Shredded Wheat out of it, she'd have smuggled it out of the room in her blouse. *n'est-ce pas?* Ms. Faux Pas wouldn't mind the spoils of smuggling—getting one's own William Morris agent and a twenty-six-week contract as a talk show host. *Voilà!* Ms. Faux Pas slipped the tape into her blouse and excused herself.

Smoking Gun has been an entertaining addition to Ms. Faux Pas's video library—in the closet. When a congressional committee came by asking questions a few weeks after the TV dinner, Ms. Faux Pas served them some nachos and screened the tape, explaining it was a pilot episode of *Smoking Gun*, a new TV spy series. The committee thought that Ronnie Reaganomics deserved an Ollie, a new award for believability, for his performance. The case was closed. *Vraiment!*

Next month Ms. Faux Pas will tell you how to order a patented Fawn Hallmark blouse with a large hidden pocket in the back—please specify letter or legal size.

Ms. Faux Pas is the nom de plume of Avenue editor Joan Kron.

cluded *How I Got That Story* and, with Lyn Austin, *Metamorphosis in Miniature*, starring Linda Hunt, both of which won Obies.

She is currently coproducing Gregory Hines's new musical, *Mr. Jelly Lord*, based on the life of Jelly Roll Morton, and did the same for Martha Clarke's *Garden of Earthly Delights*, a dance-theater production based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting; she is also seeking backing for a Jules Feiffer musical satire, *Puss in Boots*, and developing a project based on the John Doe Passos fiction trilogy *U.S.A.*

"You need an independent income to be a producer," Ms. Lion advises. "The chances of getting your money back are very low, but when you hit, you can hit big. Shows like *Les Misérables* are few and far between," she sighs.

David Finkle is a freelance writer and a performer in the cabaret trio Weeden, Finkle & Fay.

PHOTO: JACQUES PER

JOEL INLET

ADVERTISING SECTION

ADAM SMITH

Continued from page 1

the movie starred Lee Remick. It was only a modest success at the box office.

Nonetheless, Mr. Goodman enjoyed life in the sunshine. There were dinners with Ira Gershwin, another friend of Sallie's, and with Clay Felker and his wife of that time, the actress Pamela Tiffen. The Goodmans' two children, Alexander and Susannah, were born in California. And the family bought a puppy named Ruth that Mr. Goodman later immortalized in *Buscombe the Fastest Hound Alive*, a popular children's book. In 1965, after spending a lot of time on his backhand and seeing his script for *The Americanization of Emily* ripped up by Paddy Chayevsky, Mr. Goodman and his family returned east, settling in Princeton because New York was too expensive for a family with two young children. They bought the house where they now live from Donald Regan, the future adviser to Ronald Reagan.

By now, Clay Felker was at the original *New York*, which was a Sunday supplement to the torturing *World Journal Tribune*. "I had an idea," Mr. Felker says, "to do a column about Wall Street based on the concept that Wall Street was a club." The idea came from business columns in English newspapers that appeared under pseudonyms like Cato or Petronius and made the reader feel the author and his subjects were all members of a close-knit class.

On September 27, 1966, Mr. Goodman had a conflict-of-interest problem. He wanted to write about securities analysts reclining Motorola. But he was himself a securities analyst. "They might have lifted my card." The pseudonym became a necessity.

Mr. Felker and Mr. Goodman met to discuss it. Mr. Goodman wanted to call himself Procrustes, after the highwayman of Greek mythology who placed his victims on a bed of iron, then stretched them if they were too short, or chopped off their feet if they were too long. Mr. Felker said, "No, people wouldn't know what that meant." He called his then-managing editor, Sheldon Zalaznick. "Why don't you call him Adam Smith?" was Mr. Zalaznick's suggestion. Jerry Goodman hated it. He thought it highly unoriginal—every college freshman knew about the original Adam Smith, the eighteenth-century author of *The Wealth of Nations* and the first great free-market economist.

Still, he used it.

Jerry Goodman was now "Adam Smith" in quotation marks.

His ambivalence didn't last long, however. The piece on Motorola was enormously popular; as were the Adam Smith pieces that followed. There was the Adam Smith article about Scarsdale Fats, the rotund broker who swaps information with the most influential money managers over pastzurmi sandwiches, deviled eggs, and "a big bowl of pickles" on the boardroom table; there was the piece about Poor Greenville, the miscalculating fund manager who has to spend \$70 million in the next two hours; there was the piece about how "Adam Smith" himself nearly went broke because of a bad investment in the cocoa market.

The secret of his writing, says Mr. Goodman, was that "most people in the financial community stress their successes. But what I wrote about was failure. I wrote about losing money in cocoa—big blunders that I had made. Every man Jack in the financial community had a blunder like that that he was keeping secret even from himself."

In 1968, the Adam Smith phenomenon peaked with the publication of *The Money Game*, an expanded collection of Mr. Goodman's pieces from *New York*. The reviews were glowing: "the most acute, revealing, and beguiling treatise on men and money" in forty years, wrote Eliot Fremont-Smith in the *Times*. Another *Times* reporter, Henry Raymond, a friend of Mr. Goodman's in the 1960s, finally blew his cover and publicly identified him as Adam Smith.

The Money Game stayed on the *Times*'s best-seller list for more than a year.

"It was wonderful to have this number-one best-seller," Mr. Goodman starts to laugh. "Under my own name, it would have made me famous, you know. But it made Adam Smith famous."

When *New York* went independent, Jerry Goodman, along with Tom Wolfe, Jimmy Breslin, and art director Milton Glaser, was named to the new

New York's founding editorial board and given a small piece of the magazine.

If Mr. Goodman was frustrated by his lack of power at *New York*, he was in the thick of things at *Institutional Investor*. The monthly journal had been launched in March 1967 by a twenty-five-year-old businessman named Gilbert Kaplan. Mr. Kaplan's concept was that insurance people, investment counselors, bankers, and fund managers all thought of themselves as separate entities—when in fact they were all professional investors handling large amounts of money, usually on behalf of institutions. He wanted his journal to appeal to all these groups, and he hired Mr. Goodman, then thirty-six, as the editor to make it happen, giving him a piece of the company. For the second issue, Mr. Goodman recalls, "We loosened it up into the Adam Smith style. We took four leading money managers and dressed them as Superman, Batman, Captain Marvel, and somebody else, and put them on the cover. Nobody had ever done that in the financial world, so that created an enormous amount of talk instantly."

This was Mr. Goodman's first editing job, and he sometimes seemed a bit above it, ducking into his office to salvage "incomprehensible pieces submitted by . . . very distinguished thinkers who didn't write well," ducking out to play tennis with the president of Harper & Row.

Mr. Goodman was not only an artistic success but a financial success as well. "He was the first writer I knew



From *Wall Street to the Great Wall: Adam Smith in China*.

personally who made a lot of money," says Tom Wolfe.

"I had some money. I could do what I wanted for the first time—follow my nose," Mr. Goodman recalls. His interest in altered states of consciousness took him back to mind exploration, through interviews with yogis, mystics, and physiological psychologists, and he later wrote about it for *Psychology Today*. "I was really, really interested." He put all his investments into an investment partnership, then never looked at it. "It did very badly."

Soon, he was quoting the *I Ching*, the ancient Chinese treatise on prophecy, to his Wall Street friends when he saw them (which was only occasionally), and reading reams of studies on biofeedback and the workings of the left brain and the right brain. Mr. Goodman gave up alcohol and cut way back on refined sugar, and then he watched as his weight dropped "one pound, two pounds a week, below my Army weight, below my college weight," until "it finally leveled off at the weight last registered when I was a skinny seventeen. So I had to get new clothes."

Three years after it all began, Mr. Goodman found himself writing *Powers of Mind* in a basement office on the campus of Princeton University.

The reviewers weren't kind.

Disappointed, Mr. Goodman took some time off to think. He returned briefly in 1976 to *New York*. But the magazine was bought soon after by Rupert Murdoch, and, after Mr. Murdoch forced Clay Felker out, much of the staff bailed out, too.

Soon, Mr. Goodman was back at *Esquire* as an editor and columnist. Mr. Felker was back, too—this time as top editor. "Jerry wanted to be around other people, come into an office," Mr. Felker explains. "I gave him a job."

Briefly, there was a reunion of some of the old *New York* crowd. But it didn't last long. The magazine was slipping away from Mr. Felker. In 1979, *Esquire* was sold to a couple of young Tennessee publishing executives named Christopher Whittle and Phillip Moffitt. As had been the case at *New York* three years earlier, Clay Felker was followed out the door by a wave of staffers. But this time Mr. Goodman stayed.

Mr. Moffitt's agenda was to reformulate the magazine, to upscale it, to bring back an earlier tone, what he called "a certain knowledge of the world."

Richard Scheinin is a contributing editor of AVENUE.

July 1987

INTERNATIONAL

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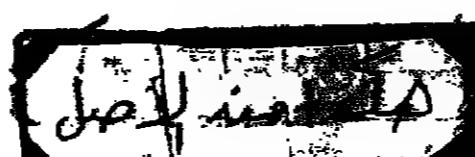
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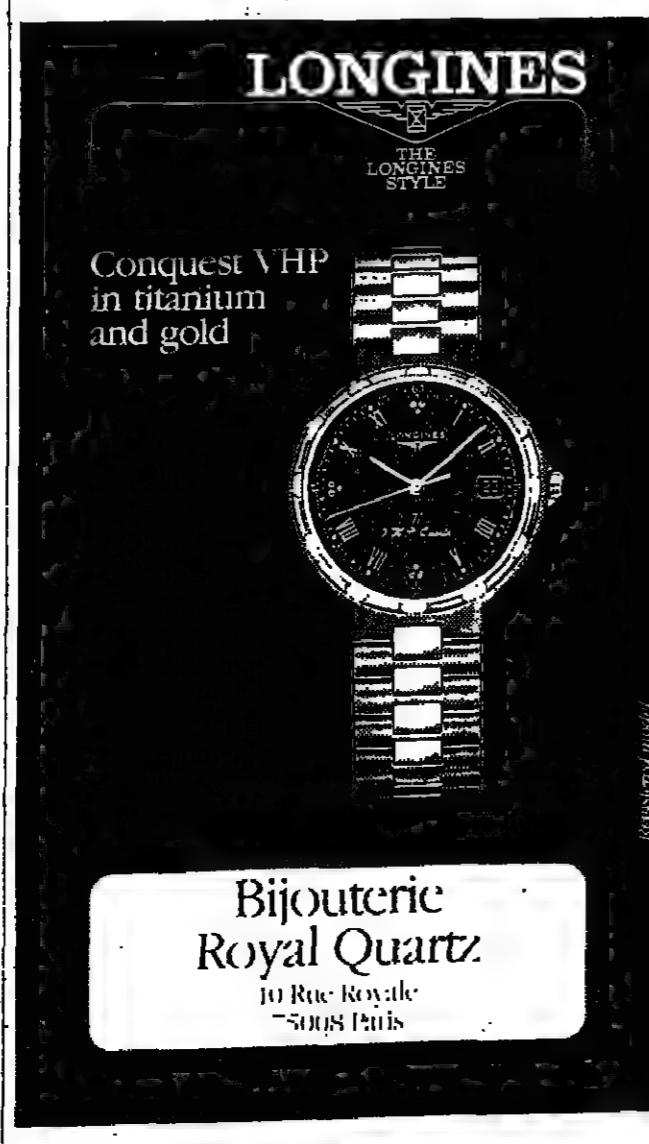


Thursday's
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Tables include the nationwide prices up to the closings on Wall Street and do not reflect late trades elsewhere. *via The Associated Press*

(Continued on next page)

Floating-Rate Notes



**Why Entertain some of the people
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THE JOURNAL OF CLIMATE

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SPORTS

Cardinals Blank Giants for NL Pennant

By Richard Justice

Washington Post Service

ST. LOUIS — As he lost one player after another to injuries, as he lost his first baseman, his best pitcher, his third baseman and a reliever for various parts of the season, Whitey Herzog always reacted the same way.

He would run a hand through his red crewcut, scratch his belly and say something like, "We'll try to figure something out." Now, Herzog and his St. Louis Cardinals can figure something out in the World Series because Wednesday night they won the National League pennant with a 6-0 victory over the San Francisco Giants.

The pennant is their third in six years, and they'll meet the Minnesota Twins on Saturday night in the Metrodome in Game 1 of the 1987 World Series.

With 55,331 fans at Busch Stadium Wednesday night, the Cardinals played like the efficient machine they are, getting an eight-

hitter from Danny Cox and a stunning three-run homer from Jose Oquendo, a utility man.

Oquendo entered the playoffs with just two home runs in 903 career at-bats, and both of them had been against the Giants. So was his third, off a full-count fastball from the Giants' starter, Alie Hammaker, in the second inning.

That got the Cardinals going, and everything else they needed was provided by Cox and the game's best defense. A night earlier, the Cardinals had gotten a spectacular defensive play from Willie McGee, their center fielder, to help Clark, Tony Pena, Tudor, Cox, Tom Herr, Jim Linderman, Joe Magrane and Ken Dayley.

"We could have folded lots of times with all the adversity we faced," Herzog said.

They looked ready to fold on Wednesday night when Clark tore up his right ankle at a time when they were going to Shea Stadium with a lead over the New York Mets that had shrunk to 1½ games. They simply

won two of three from the Mets, who were at full strength.

"We lost Jack and I didn't think we could hang on," Herzog said. "If we'd lost that game to Montreal (Oct. 1) with the Mets coming in here pitching two left-handers, I didn't think we'd win."

On Wednesday, Terry Pendleton's one-out single in the second was the beginning of the end for the Giants. Pena followed with a hit-and-run single to right, and despite pulling a muscle in his left side rounding second, Pendleton made it to third.

McGee grounded a single to left for a 1-0 lead. Then Oquendo hammered Hammaker's fastball over the left field wall.

The Cardinals made it 6-0 in the sixth. With one out, Oquendo drew a walk, and Cox bunted him to second. Oquendo went to third on a wild pitch by Scott Garrels, the Giants' reliever. Vince Coleman walked and stole second, his first walk of the series. Ozzie Smith walked to load the bases. Mike LaCoss relieved, and Herr singled to score two runs.

Despite the loss, the Giants were one of baseball's most surprising stories, having gone from a 100-game loser to a division champion in two years. They'd also gotten farther than any Giants team in 16 years.

The Giants drew 1.9 million to Candlestick Park, an increase of 1.1 million from 1985.

For Roger Craig, the Giants manager, the game day actually began in the early hours of Wednesday morning when he sat in his hotel room, "poured myself a Jack Daniels and thought, 'What could a major league manager do with one game left, when it'll decide everything you've been working for since Feb. 15?'"

He decided on an emotional 35-minute team meeting in which he talked to all his players, then a trip around the clubhouse to speak to each player individually.

"I just told 'em how much they'd

contributed and how proud I was of 'em," he said. "I said regardless of what happens tonight, I'm the proudest guy in the world. They've accomplished something a lot of guys never will. I wanted to eliminate the feeling that this boils down to one game. I want 'em to have fun, go play the game and see what happens."

After the speech, Craig went into his office and wrote up a radically different lineup, starting Mike Alou instead of Candy Maldonado in right field, Chris Speier at second instead of Robby Thompson and Bob Brenly instead of Bob Melvin at catcher.

The most surprising move was benching Thompson, who was hitting just .105 but had homered off Cox in Game 4.

"I just told 'em how much they'd

done. Fine. But that doesn't mean these games should count.

It is obscene to allow Gary Hogeboom's five touch-down passes Oct. 4 to tie the franchise record for the Colts. That record belongs to Gary Cuozzo and the city of Baltimore, whence the Colts were spirited in the middle of the night and trucked to Indianapolis.

Filling in for the injured Johnny Unitas on Nov. 14, 1965, Cuozzo threw his five touchdowns against Jim Marshall and Carl Eller, two fine defensive linemen.

"The situation we are in is a little tainted, but you don't think about it when you're on the field," Hogeboom acknowledged.

Just because Hogeboom was willing to walk past his colleagues on the picket line does not mean he should join Cuozzo in any record book.

What about New Orleans, where John Fournelle left his job as a high school coach in Marrero, Louisiana, to throw a scoring pass of 82 yards to Mike Waters?

That touchdown broke the Saints' record of 80 yards, set by Bill Kilmer to Dan Abramowicz on Dec. 17, 1967, against the real Washington Redskins. Must those two great players vanish from a line in the Saints' record book, to be replaced by strikebreakers?

Or what about one Anthony Allen, cut by Atlanta last summer, who gained 255 yards in receptions for the Washington substitutes a couple Sundays ago? Should he be allowed to eclipse the record of 241, set by Gary Clark against Lawrence Taylor and the Giants last year?

The only league record to be victimized was the Washington record of 159 consecutive sellouts over 21 years. That only 27,728 moribund souls showed up in R.F.K. Stadium on Oct. 4 is a tribute to the good taste and loyalty of most Redskins' fans.

When this strike ends, Pete Rozelle must invoke some "good-of-the-game" clause and wipe out all these bogus matches.

If the league does not excise these games, every time we see Rozelle and Hugh Culverhouse and Tex Schramm and other league leaders, we will see a giant A on their foreheads — a flaming red A for asterisk.

San Francisco: A Franchise in Peril

Loss Could Tip Stadium Ballot, Sending Giants Elsewhere

New York Times Service

ST. LOUIS — It isn't often that the fate of a sports franchise might rest on one game, but that was the prospect for the San Francisco Giants as they lost the National League pennant to the Cardinals.

The future location of the Giants' franchise depends on the emotions of San Francisco voters on Nov. 3, and Jose Oquendo's crushing three-run homer just might jeopardize Proposition W on the ballot, authorizing a new baseball stadium close to downtown.

A pennant, and the return of the Giants for the middle three games of the World Series, with black-and-orange "Human Baby" banners draped all over the city probably would have convinced swing voters to rush to the polls.

But the way the Giants lost the final two games here could make long-suffering San Francisco residents mutter, "Same old Giants," and reject Proposition W.

"We think this season has already shown the value of a franchise," said Corey Bush, the club vice president who is coordinating the Giants' stadium plans.

The executive said before the game that a pennant would be "a bonus," and he was right, in theory. San Francisco voters should remember the joy of the entire season rather than the way it disintegrated Wednesday night.

The Giants' franchise is in jeopardy for over a decade because the Giants share the Bay Area with the Oakland Athletics, in a region of many other diversions, indoors and outdoors.

Even with fine weather for the three games last weekend, the Giants' wind-blown home at Candlestick Park has become a stereotype for the Worst Ball Park in America.

One sliced base hit, one towering fly ball into the lights could have ended the Cardinals' season, could have strengthened Proposition W, but Dayley took care of a few batters, was worth a lone pennant and Roger Craig.

But after Wednesday, the phrase "Same old Giants" was waiting on the lips of San Franciscans, the way it has been for a quarter of a century.

—GEORGE VECSEY

Football Answers Prayers at Small Illinois College

The Associated Press

GREENVILLE, Illinois — For almost a century, tiny Greenville College got along without football. Now, after much thought and prayer, the school is trying to boost its enrollment by getting in the game.

Some 1,400 people showed up last weekend for the first home game in the school's 95-year history, cheering the Greenville Panthers — now 4-0 — in their donated 1,000-seat aluminum stadium.

The public-address announcer already has slapped nicknames on running backs Robert (Ice Cube) Haynes and Corey (Little Refrigerator) Hughes. Games are broadcast locally.

Declining enrollment and cuts in federal and state student-aid funds had threatened the future of the college, attended by about 600 students at a cost of at least \$8,000 a year. Greenville officials began seeking ways to attract more students, and Athletic Director Jack Tager came up with the idea of a football team at the school, which has a strong religious tradition.

"After a lot of thought and a lot of prayer, this seemed to be something we could step out and do to help the programs we have," said the president, W. Richard Stephens. "We couldn't have written the script any more perfectly."

INTERNATIONAL FRIENDLY

West German 1. Sweden 1



Before the Bout

Tyrell Biggs, right, with Mike Tyson, the undisputed heavyweight boxing champion, before their scheduled 15-round title fight Friday in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

SPORTS

NFL Strike Appears to Crumble

United Press International

WASHINGTON — The 24-day National Football League players strike ended in all but name Thursday with the resolve of players collapsing throughout the league and many teams reporting to management en masse.

Players' representatives from the 28 clubs scheduled a telephone conference call with Gene Upshaw, leader of their union. When asked whether Upshaw had given a formal order putting players back to work, a union spokesman offered no comment.

But such an order seemed almost pointless. The striking Indianapolis Colts, Washington Redskins, Philadelphia Eagles, New York Jets and Seattle Seahawks reported for duty. The Denver Broncos and Buffalo Bills voted to cross the picket line but had not yet come back to camp.

All remaining striking members of the Cleveland Browns attempted to return to practice but were stopped from entering by security crews.

It was not immediately clear whether the returning players would be back on the field this weekend.

The union's resolve withered steadily throughout the strike.

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POSTCARD

Clowning Anniversary

By Glenn Collins
New York Times Service

VENICE, Florida — The 20th anniversary reunion of the graduates of Clown College may not have been the world's most distinguished alumni celebration, but it could have been the funniest.

A thousand clowns have been unleashed by the eccentric institution of higher learning since its founding in 1967 by Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, and 479 of them were here to honor their alma mater by engaging in a prodigious amount of slipping, falling, juggling, uncycling, stilt-walking and other tomfoolery.

At the height of this week's festivities at the circus's winter quarters, they sent the clowns to what was billed as the world's largest pie fight: 120 costumed clowns in top hats, chef's toques and other cut-and-dash headgear galumped around, slinging assorted pastries at one another in an apocalyptic mock battle.

The attendance at the three-day reunion delighted many graduates. "There haven't been this many clowns in one place since the Iran-contra hearings," said Irene Hackworth, a 1980 graduate who attended with her husband, Jim, and their 13-month-old son, Colin.

Clowns arrived from 48 states in a variety of slap-happy ways. One, Sue Dwoski, had herself wrapped as a parcel and delivered to the winter quarters door by commercial air express.

Perhaps the most rollicking arrival was on Eastern Airlines flight 371, which brought 52 costumed clowns from Ringling's two traveling circus units to the Sarasota airport. They had played Ping-Pong with their tray tables for paddles, and stuffed one tiny clown into an overhead luggage rack while another, David Kiser, helped the flight attendants deliver the seat belt announcement. "Well, we did manage to keep them out of the cockpit," said Captain Don Grosman.

The Clown College graduates include stockbrokers, teachers and marionette makers, as well as Garry White, a U.S. Navy petty officer on the USS Fox, which returned from the Gulf in time for him to attend the reunion with his wife, Diane, and 19-month-old daughter, Khadija.

Christopher Shelton, a 1981

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